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In October Days

The God who made October days in this North land of ours must be a Being to whom beauty and color and freshness are an infinite joy and delight. We can never doubt that, if we journey through these days with our eyes open at all. If He had given us only a little of these things we might have been sceptical, but now that He has heaped them up before us, and made all the world run riot with them, we must believe that He is One to whom such things are the very breath of life. It ought to be easy for us to believe in the goodness of God, and in the possible goodness of everything which He has made, to-day when the golden October sunshine is over all the earth and the breezes that stir seem as if they had passed over a garden which He alone had planted. And if we could only see to-day, in all its matchless glory and beauty, as an expression of His thought and an indication of the trend of His purposing, it ought to be a great deal easier for us than it often has been to rejoice and be glad in Him and to call everything good which He has made.

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The Christian Guardian

Canada's National Religious Weekly



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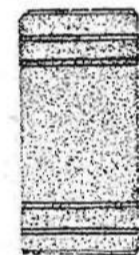
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THE CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN

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W. B. CREIGHTON, B.A., D.D., Editor.
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TORONTO, OCTOBER 12, 1921

NUMBER FORTY-ONE

THE WORLD OUTLOOK

Serbia Breaks Loose

ONE would have thought that Serbia, of all nations, had had enough of war. If the reports which have reached us are to be trusted at all then Serbia herself narrowly escaped extinction at the hands of her foes, and if any nation should desire permanent peace, and dread another war it ought surely to be this little nation. And yet Serbia has been bombarding Albanian villages along the Duna valley in an attempt to drive out the Albanians that Serbians may take their place. This is direct violation of the conditions laid down by the League of Nations, and the matter has been brought before the Assembly of the League which is now in session in Geneva. Serbia declares that the Albanian frontier has never been really defined, but this plea seems exceedingly weak and can scarcely be held to justify the warlike measures she has adopted. Can the League stop the dispute? Britain probably will insist that Serbia must not attack Albania, but the attitude of France and Italy is not so clear. If the United States were a member of the League she also would probably insist on Serbia keeping the peace; and if she and Britain took this stand there is little doubt that Serbia would do as she was bidden. Unless prompt action is taken there is a possibility that this Balkan squabble may spread and involve other nations and the Balkans may again be on fire. Surely Serbia is ill-advised to touch a match to this tinder!

An Arch-Duke Sells Out

A HAPSBURG Archduke, a few short years ago, commanded one of the armies of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and drew his dividends from mines and industrial plants, and collected rents in half a dozen different countries. But the Archduke ceased to command the army, and seeing the collapse of his country he quietly came down with a group of American business men, and for a consideration which is not stated, he handed over to them all his right and title to estates, mines, art galleries, iron works, and museums. These properties are said to be worth \$200,000,000, but unfortunately for the Archduke they are situated in different countries, and much of the property is now the possession of the state in which it is situated. The American gentlemen will, of course, undertake to prove that the ownership of these things, inherited in the Archduke while the countries in question will probably insist that they were the real and original owners of everything. For those who like a lively and long-continued law suit and do not object to spending money on the same the prospect is most promising. We wonder how much the Archduke got, and we wonder which got the better of the bargain!

Ireland's Sky Brightens

AT last it seems reasonably certain that Ireland is to have peace. De Valera has accepted Lloyd George's invitation to a conference in London on October 11th, and by the time this paper is in the hands of our readers the conference will be well under way. The object of the conference as stated by Lloyd George and accepted by De Valera is to ascertain "how the association of Ireland with the Community of Nations, known as the British Empire, may best be reconciled with Irish national aspiration." Lloyd George has very definitely and positively stated that he will not permit any discussion of separation from the Empire and unless the Irish nationalists are prepared to give up all idea of a separate republic it is difficult to understand how they could possibly assent to a conference. But probably the Irish people are not nearly so anxious for a republic as some of their leaders have given us to understand. It is not likely that the conference will

charge itself with the task of formulating a detailed scheme for Irish self-government as this would be a lengthy task, and for that Mr. Lloyd George cannot at present spare the time. But it can arrange the broad outlines of such a scheme, and the details can be filled in at leisure. The Unionists of Southern Ireland have a fairly good claim to be represented at the conference but it does not seem likely that they will be invited. Ulster will no doubt be somewhat anxious to know what is decided at the conference as there is no question that De Valera will argue strongly for a united Ireland; but it is not credible that the conference will undertake to change the status of Ulster without securing Ulster's consent, and that consent at present seems a long way off. But taking everything into consideration the prospects for a final settlement of the Irish question are brighter than they have been for years.

Examining Babe Ruth

THERE are no baseball enthusiasts anywhere who have not felt like cheering for the greatest batter the world of baseball ever saw, and the name of Babe Ruth is familiar probably to most of our school children all over this continent. The man who can drive the ball fifty-nine times in a season clean over the bleachers is really a phenomenon, and he does it so easily that men wonder how he does it. And some scientists at Columbia University a few weeks ago undertook to examine the "Babe" to see how it happens that he works such wonders. And when he came out of his examination they told the result. His eyes were keener and better than normal, his nerves were more sensitive and functioned more sensitively, and his intelligence was sharper. Co-ordination between eyes, brain, nerve system and muscle was all but perfect; and where ordinary mortals rate about 60 per cent. efficient he rated 90 per cent. His eyes were 12 per cent. faster than the average, his ears 10 per cent., and his nerves were steadier than 499 persons out of every 500. And now it will be up to some other scientific friend to discover just how much of this is natural and how much, if any, acquired. One thing is sure, that there is no chance in the matter. Babe Ruth's record is not the result of "good luck," but rather of good living ancestors, and favorable environment, with a goodly endowment of "pep" and a willingness to work.

The Liguori Case

THE Catholic Register seems to be considerably exercised over the story in the GUARDIAN of September 21st, of Sister Liguori's suit against Bishop Dwyer, of Australia. The story as it came to us from the Australian papers in Sydney was that the nun left the Wagga-Wagga convent by night, and took shelter with some Protestants. Bishop Dwyer then swore out a warrant for her arrest on the ground of insanity. A medical man was called in and declared that she was not insane. She then sued the Bishop for damages, which she did not get. But the jury in their verdict declared that Bishop Dwyer did not "take reasonable care to inform himself of the real facts of the case" and he did not "honestly believe the case he laid before the magistrate." This is the case as the Australian papers record it. Is it true? The Catholic Register proceeds to tell "the true story." The nun was a "poor hysterical girl" who could have left the convent during the day just as easily as at night. (Why didn't she, then?) She fell into the hands of "unscrupulous and unprincipled bigots" who, "endeavored to make a show of the Catholic Church in Australia." The Register then quotes rather voluminous evidence to show that the nun's charges against the convent were unfounded, and finally declares that the jury

returned a verdict in favor of Bishop Dwyer. It does not deny however, that the verdict "in favor of Bishop Dwyer" was just what we said it was. If so, why complain because THE GUARDIAN gave its readers the verdict?

The point is: "Did Bishop Dwyer believe that this nun was insane when he swore out a warrant for her arrest?" The jury says "No." And the next question is, "If, as The Register says, she could have left the convent any day she chose, why did the Bishop attempt to deprive her of her liberty by having her sent to an asylum, when he knew she was not insane?" This is not a case which affects the Roman Catholic Church, alone, but all Roman Catholic citizens. And another question which concerns us is this. "Does The Catholic Register approve of any bishop swearing to a false affidavit in order to silence a 'poor hysterical girl'?" Apparently it does, for it has no slightest word of condemnation.

Protecting The Mails

A FEW months ago mail robberies were a common occurrence in the United States, and from New York to San Francisco mail cars, loading platforms, and mail trucks were being regularly looted. For the twelve months preceding April 8th 1921, the amount of money stolen from the United States mail was \$6,346,407, of which a little over half was recovered. But at last the Post-office Department waked up and an order was issued that any man who killed or captured a mail robber would receive \$5,000, and during the five months which have elapsed since the order was issued only \$88,580 has been stolen, and of this \$78,535 has been recovered. Evidently so soon as the mail robbers realized that Uncle Samuel meant business they quit. There is a good deal of nonsense talked about law not being able to make men honest. It is true in one sense, but it is just as true that if the impression gets abroad that the laws against dishonesty are not to be taken seriously we may expect a great increase in dishonesty. Firmly-administered laws certainly do curb crime. We wonder if in Canada we have been quite as firm in law-enforcement as we might have been. These days of unrest are certainly no time for lax enforcement of law.

Air-Climbing

FOR weeks a party of mountain climbers have been toiling wearily and painfully up the sloping shoulders of Mount Everest, trying to reach, if possible, its rocky summit 29,000 feet above the sea. And while they are striving to accomplish this task an air-man, Lieut. MacReady, climbs into a La Pere biplane and in one hour and forty-seven minutes he has reached the height of 40,800 feet and returned to earth again. This is an altitude of almost 8 miles and the aviator needs special oxygen tanks for his own use, and the airplane motor also must be fed on compressed air. The Briguet biplane in France is as tightly sealed as a submarine and it is proposed to provide both heat and air to the men and machines which will venture into the upper blue. It has been found that in higher altitudes there are prevailing winds of terrific speed. At the eruption of Krakatao, some years ago, a cloud of volcanic dust blown 17 miles into the upper air was carried westward at the rate of 300 miles an hour and went all round the earth in about 66 hours. If it were possible to take advantage of such air currents an airship would cross the Atlantic in an amazingly short time. But probably few of us would care to get so far away from solid earth. It will be interesting, however, to follow the observations of those who will explore more fully these upper regions.

Is Man the Master of his Fate?

"Never believe yourselves the freer thence.
There are no gods, but there's Necessity."



LHUS Aristophanes makes one of his characters speak the mind of the classical world twenty-four centuries ago, on the subject of freedom and determinism. And all along the stream of human thought, people have argued that matter. Sometimes the pendulum has swung one way and sometimes another, and one might say that the direction in which it has swung constituted an indication or thermometer as to the moral and spiritual atmosphere of the time. For when pursued to its logical outcome, it simply means that if we are not captains of our own fate in some sense, we yield to pessimism and despair. When the Roman world lost faith and fell back upon the philosophy of "Pluck the pleasures of the day," it went down to moral decay. And when Christianity began to make headway in the western world, it is significant that its chief contribution was a message of the worthwhileness of personal life and faith. And later when fatalism, now Oriental, now Calvinistic, took hold of the Church, her talisman for freedom was that of personal justification by faith, in 1518, and personal witness of the spirit in 1738, so clearly enunciated by Luther and Wesley and resounding through all the world of thought, as well as action.

Now we find ourselves menaced with an old foe in a new dress. No doctrine has had more effect in shaping the affairs of Europe since the war than that of economic determinism. I well remember the sensation I had as a young probationer, just unwrapped from the cotton-wool of college and projected into a western mining camp, when I first heard a Socialist lecturer press home with telling force his arguments showing that the "laws" of the survival of the fittest and the relation between food and the physical demands of mankind, were the keys to unlock the mystery of all our civilization. Egyptian bondage, Mediaeval Europe, the Rise of England, etc. were all explained in rapid and dogmatic fashion as solely explicable on the basis of economic laws. Having had an opportunity in later years of setting this matter in a larger perspective, I have seen the whirlwind of Russian revolution, Irish disorder, and Indian unrest, being reaped as a result of the seed-sowing of these itinerant lecturers.

The errors of such doctrines are nowhere so distinctly seen as from within, that is by those either followers or sympathizers with these leaders of the masses. One of the most penetrating criticisms of Socialist theory and practice was from the pen of the great Swedish writer, Ellen Key. Now Ellen Key only a few months ago was named by an eminent American of international repute, as one of the four most notable women in the world. She has done much for the emancipation of women in continental Europe and enjoyed more vogue in Germany and Russia than even in Scandinavia. Her writings have found a response among the influential and forward-looking classes in Europe, and in her book, "The Younger Generation," she points out at great length the fallacy of thinking that a certain doctrine will save anyone apart from personal exercise of will. Talk about preaching, Miss Key is an inveterate preacher, and though supposed to be hostile to orthodox Christianity, she goes as far as to say that religion in its deepest significance is the one and only cultural influence that will save civilization from fatalism and despair and link man up to his true role in creative evolution. She shows that doctrinaire Socialism will fail as surely as winter succeeds summer, and her views have had ample corroboration in the tragedy of Russia.

Ellen Key is noteworthy in another sphere that converges on the same point of the superiority of personal liberty over determinism. That is in the movement for the emancipation of women and children. For the Woman Movement has not taken a political form in Scandinavia and Germany, as it has in England and America. It has rather had for its ideal "Mutterschutz," that is the protection of motherhood. And here the root idea is that of personal freedom for self-expression, unhampered by

By Milton Perley, B.A.

conventional laws. Her attitude to the question of marriage and divorce has been much maligned, but in her book on "Love and Marriage" she deals with it very frankly from the protection of motherhood angle, and anyone who is familiar with the moral standards of continental Europe knows how the dice are loaded against the wife in all phases of the marriage relation. Through all her numerous writings shines the star of mankind's unconquerable independence in the face of all the fatalism of modern philosophic thought. She has a powerful combination in Leopardi and Schopenhauer to oppose, and these pessimistic and fatalistic influences dominating for so long the thinking mind of the European countries have wrought their deadly work in the great conflicts of the last seven years, and will require more earnest preaching of Miss Key's type before a saner view takes its place.

Few writers of the day have more influence over the younger "intellectuals" than Joseph Conrad. A prominent bookman told me not long ago that in his judgment Conrad was the greatest living writer. A short survey of his work and an analysis by Bjorkman, would show that Conrad is as much a deter-

of life not dreamed of in Conrad's philosophy? And after all it is the old struggle between realism and idealism. Life is drab enough unless we are able to see the glory that only the poet or prophet can sometimes see in sordid realities. Surely we need thinkers who can open for us the moral grandeur of life; and Conrad—he is but a type of prevailing literary leadership—is frankly non-moral. His books are irreproachable indeed in purity, but on the positive side he leads us to no heights and kindles in us no generous passions and sacrificial enthusiasms.

All this goes to account in a measure for the mental attitude of our people to-day in the face of the urgent problems of civilization. The Arab we expect to wait until Allah has decreed a change. The Chinese is supposed to be a "superior" man, that is indifferent to events in this changing world. These characterizations are now being seen to be superficial, but such is the conventional judgment. We look, however, for something different from our Anglo-Saxon people. The younger people of our churches are openly materialistic in this Great West. Splendid as they are in generosity and intelligent in the art of getting along in life, they are the products of the current philosophy of the time. They may not read the books I have mentioned, but they are reading echoes of these writers who face life with a simple pagan outlook. The task we have as a Church is to Christianize the social order. Now if this well-worn phrase means anything it means to get down to the fountains of our life and so purify and order them as to ensure the quality of the stream that flows therefrom. Problems of capital and labor, of middle class prosperity and of the distribution of the means of material well-being, all wait upon the more basic question of getting a grasp of God and the human soul in their mutual relation. Life will then take on its real meaning. God to us will then be not only immutable Law but something that transcends Law.

"The very God! think Abib; dost thou think?
So, the All-Great, were the All-Loving too—
So, through the thunder comes a human voice
Saying "O heart I made, a heart beats here!
Face my hands fashioned, see it in myself!
Thou hast no power nor mayest conceive of mine,
But love I gave thee, with myself to love,
And thou must love me who have died for thee!"

The Mellow Month of October

By Richard R. Nicholson



OCTOBER is one of the most beautiful and delightful months of the year and is a favorite of the poets, who have sung its praises in melodious numbers. Helen Hunt Jackson, in rapture, exclaims:

"Oh, sun and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together;
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright, blue weather."

Mrs. M. A. Holt sings:

"October, sweetest month of all
That gems the brow of the fair year,
How soft and low its voices fall
Upon our oft enraptured ear!"

Another poet exclaims:

"How broad, how deep, how calm, how sweet
These dear October days."

October is a month of great beauty. The lawns and meadows are no longer brown and sere, but after the refreshing rains of September have recovered their former verdancy. The wheat fields are a livid green, which is very pleasing to the eye. In this month the trees assume their most gorgeous apparel and rival the rainbow in their regal splendor. The gold and scarlet of the maples and sumachs, and the

Words

By FLORENCE J. HADLEY

Oh, a word is a wonderful, wonderful thing!
More swiftly it flies than a bird a-wing,
And oftentimes it will come to rest
In the heart of one that we love the best.

We may speak a word that will carry cheer
To some troubled heart; it may bring a tear
To eyes that too often overflow,
For words may be two-edged swords, you
know.

Oh, a word is a beautiful, terrible thing!
It may heal a hurt or implant a sting;
But the words that will bring no grief nor
dread
Are the bitter ones that are left unsaid!

minist as the Greek poets, the Socialist orators or the continental philosophers of pessimism. The leading characteristic in his writing is the helplessness of man, physically, morally and spiritually, in the grip of fate. Conrad's own romantic career as a Polish refugee and a sailor, who had not known a word of English until he was nineteen, rising to the top rank of writers in English, is sufficiently astounding to make one believe in "some power not ourselves that makes for"—well, not exactly righteousness, but at least a plan of life. Man's helplessness in the face of nature is so graphically portrayed in "Children of the Sea" and "The Nigger of the Narcissus" and is really epic in its description of nature. While his first book, "Almayer's Folly," a picture of the moral decline of a white man among Malays and Chinese in Borneo, has the same quality of lifelike portrayal coupled with the inexorable grip of fate on human destiny. The proverb so often heard in Eastern languages, "It can't be helped," is inscribed in large hand over all Conrad's books.

Now, the writer is undoubtedly an artist if we accept Gissing's definition of art as an expression, satisfying and abiding, of the zest of life. Few can rival Conrad's revelation of the real human, vital intensity of life. But the question is, may there not be phases

yellow of the birches, in contrast with the green of the pines and hemlocks, make the hills and woods very beautiful indeed.

"Tis a banner of gold and scarlet
 October flings to the breeze,
 And none other of all the twelve months
 Can boast such colors as these.
 "For the trees that through all the summer
 Have been dressed in the darkest green,
 Now hanging with red and yellow,
 In most gorgeous gowns are seen."

The most prominent wild flowers at this season are the golden-rod and spreading aster. On every hand they may be seen beautifying the roadsides and fence corners with their "cloth of gold" and "royal purple." The yellow toad flax also attracts attention, as it glorifies many a waste by its beautiful, bright blossoms. It blooms all summer long and lingers late in the autumn. It is commonly called "butter-and-eggs." This name is very appropriate, for the two shades of yellow match perfectly their namesakes. The sky-fringed gentian is one of the last flowers to blossom, and during this month can be found in the lowland meadows and marshes. Bryant, who loved it well, writes:

"Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
 When woods are bare and birds are flown,
 And frost and shortening days portend
 The aged year is near its end.

"Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
 Look through its fringes to the sky,
 Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
 A flower from its cerulean wall."

This was a favorite flower of James Russell Lowell, who spoke of it in "The Legend of Brittany," as making a "late autumn spring."

October is the nutting season. What a joy it is on a golden autumn day to tramp through the woods, scuffling our feet among the crisp leaves, and climb the hills in search of hickory and butternuts.

"A scent of wild grapes fills the racy air."

Bluejays are screaming, crows are cawing, bluebirds are plaintively warbling, while busy red squirrels chatter and scold as we invade their sylvan precincts. Chipmunks race along the fences, their cheeks full of beechnuts and acorns, and disappear down some hole to deposit their store. These are the first squirrels to prepare their winter provender and after the close of the month are seldom seen. When the days become cold and frosty they retire to their cosy nests, and subsist on their well-furnished larders. Many of the nuts are already upon the ground and all that is necessary is to gather them into our baskets and bags. Others are still clinging to the branches, necessitating our climbing, the trees and shaking them down.

On the farm the husbandmen are busy gathering in the fruits of the field, garden and orchard. The air is filled with the delicious fragrance of mellow apples. The pickers are busy stripping the trees and they have placed great heaps of red, yellow and variegated fruit on the ground beneath. The corn has been cut and stands in shocks in the fields, while the golden pumpkins lie smiling in the sun.

Most of the birds have left for their winter homes in the distant south, yet flocks of blackbirds, robins and bluebirds are frequently seen. The blue jay with its harsh cry and gay attire is very conspicuous. In the mornings the crows caw hoarsely on all sides. A few pheebes linger about the farm buildings, as if loath to leave. The white-breasted nuthatch utters its nasal twang, as it climbs the trees in search of

food. Occasionally a song sparrow rehearses its spring roundelay. Migrating white-throated sparrows utter their sad, farewell notes—"O, sweet Canada—Canada." Chickadees call cheerily in the trees. Downy woodpeckers visit the orchard, and can be seen busily pecking the trees in search of hidden insects. The goldfinches have lost their gay attire of summer and in modest plumage of greenish yellow visit the garden, singing softly to themselves. In the fields the shorelarks flit about in restless flight, uttering low, sweet notes. At night the screech owl whistles softly and sweetly. Its notes are always mellow and melodious, and it is to be regretted that it has been given a name that misrepresents its character. The screech owl never screeches.

This is the harvest time for the birds. The red cedars and the bushes are loaded with berries. The seed-vessels of grasses and weeds are full to bursting. Acorns are innumerable. In the crevices of the bark of the trees great numbers of nuts and insects can be found. Food is abundant everywhere and before long the birds are coated with fat, which enables them to endure the strain of migrating and the hardships of winter, when food is scarce. At this season many birds visit the garden to rob the sunflowers of their seeds. The nuthatch carries them away, and conceals them in the cracks of the barn, beneath the shingles and in the rough bark of the trees.

"Oh, genial October time,
 Thou hast not spring's soft hours;
 Thou hast not summer's fragrant wealth
 Of beauteous buds and flowers;
 "But thou hast garnered in thy lap
 Of both the ripened store,
 And pressed for man the measure down,
 Till it runs o'er and o'er."

Clarkson, Ont.

Tonga---An Island Utopia By Fred C. Middleton

THAT vast tract of water, some 7,500 miles in breadth, lying between Australia and America is studded with innumerable islands containing hundreds of thousands of interesting people, varying from the dark-skinned Melanesian with his short frizzy hair, broad nostrils,

and thick lips, to the light-colored Polynesian with straight dark hair, fine features; and in many cases almost an Italian complexion. The groups of islands lying closest to Australia, notably Fiji, Samoa, and Tonga, have an especial interest for Methodists, because it was the Methodist Church which accepted the responsibility of Christianizing the natives there; and it is the Methodist Church to whom the credit is due for the change that has taken place, whereby cannibals have been turned into Christians and "head hunters" into good citizens.

Great stories could be told of what God has wrought in all these three centres, but of the three, that of Tonga is the most interesting. The Tongan group includes what used to be known as the "Friendly Islands," taking in the islands of Tongatabu, Haabai, Vavau, Niu Foo, Plystaart, and a few smaller ones. Tongatabu is the largest, and its principal town (Nukua-lofa) is the capital of the group, the residence of the king and queen, and the seat of government. Up to the year 1875 the islands were under a sort of feudal rule, with hereditary chiefs ruling in various island centres. King George (of Tonga) eventually succeeded in obtaining acknowledged supremacy; and he, under the influence of the missionaries, granted a constitution, with representative government, accepting at the same time a protectorate from Great Britain.

The London Missionary Society was the first to send out missionaries opening up "industrial missions" over one hundred years ago. They evidently put the cart before the horse, however, placing civilizing agencies ahead of those that would Christianize. In any case, they abandoned the project, being in fact driven out by the ferocious "friendly" islanders. Some years later the Methodist Church commenced what has since proved to be a wonderful work of grace among the black tribes of those beautiful coral islands. You would have to look twice on the average map to discover the Tonga Group. The whole population does not total more than 25,000; yet there is being worked out there, an example of what Christian

Missionary Marvels in the South Seas

civilization can do in promoting an ideal community life that might well be copied by white races that had a much better start than had these benighted heathens. Tonga to-day is indeed an island utopia, and in some respects at least is an object lesson to the world.

I heard Tonga's story a few weeks ago from the Hon. Tui Vakano, its native premier. He was at the time on a visit to Sydney, and I met him at the home of one of our Methodist ministers, where he was being

entertained at supper previously to appearing in the church as chairman of the missionary meeting. An interesting personality is Tui Vakano ("Tui" is in Tongan, a title of honor equivalent to "Sir" in English, and denotes the rank of chief or chiefly descent). The premier grew up in a Christian family, is a staunch Methodist, has been nine years in his present position, and is quite satisfied that the system of government in operation in Tonga is, for

them as least, the best of all possible systems. He thinks it might with advantage be copied by Samoa and Fiji, and he even ventures to suggest that it is worthy of consideration by the world at large.

Tonga's constitution is a written one, and the Parliament consists of the seven hereditary chiefs, seven cabinet ministers and seven representatives of the people. Manhood suffrage prevails, and there is an election every three years. The popular vote elects the seven representatives of the people, the chiefs keep their seats as an hereditary right, while the seven cabinet ministers are selected by the queen, on the advice of the chiefs. The premier is also chosen by the reigning monarch, on the advice of the chiefs and the cabinet. Cabinet positions include ministers of education, works, finance, lands, chief collector of customs, postmaster-general and minister for foreign affairs. The Parliament meets once a year and during recess the government of the country is carried on by the "Privy Council," (the queen and the cabinet). The present minister of works and chief justice are Europeans who have taken out their naturalization papers. On one occasion the premier's position was also held by a white man; for the most part, however, the government of the country is in the hands of the native born. While payment of members has not been accepted by the Tongans, they recompense their government officials pretty well. The premier and the chief justice receive \$3,200 per year, plus free residence and other perquisites, other cabinet ministers get \$2,500 per annum.

They know nothing of party politics in Tonga, and there is no such thing as an official opposition. As a consequence there is none of that rancor in public life there, that so frequently interrupts the passage of the ship of state in the older democracies. All are for the state and none for the party, a condition of affairs which approximates pretty closely to the political millennium. Queen Charlotte (the present sovereign) is only twenty-one years of age, and came to the throne three years ago. She presides at all the meetings of the privy council, her husband (the Prince Consort) holds the portfolio of lands, and is regarded as the probable successor to the premiership. The council is responsible for bringing measures before the parliament, and the Queen has the final power of assent or veto. Once a year at least the premier visits the outlying islands and explains to the natives in these parts the new laws that have

Life's Illusion

By ALEX. LOUIS FRASER

He toiled and saved his earnings every day;
 But starved his mind, and grasped at common things;
 His prisoned soul ne'er struggled out of clay,
 His better nature never found its wings.
 He hoped to sit with Happiness at last,
 Mansioned, sufficient, when he would be old;
 But he was just a graveyard! and the past,
 Left nought to him but a rude pile of gold.

entertained at supper previously to appearing in the church as chairman of the missionary meeting. An interesting personality is Tui Vakano ("Tui" is in Tongan, a title of honor equivalent to "Sir" in English, and denotes the rank of chief or chiefly descent). The premier grew up in a Christian family, is a staunch Methodist, has been nine years in his present position, and is quite satisfied that the system of government in operation in Tonga is, for

been enacted, and the reasons for their enactment. He also, in consultation with the chiefs, hears any complaints the natives may have to make, and notes for consideration such suggestions as they may submit. All this tends to good understanding and general contentment.

The kingdom of Tonga enjoys a public revenue of half a million dollars per annum—a modest sum, but quite sufficient for all purposes of government. The revenue is derived mainly from three sources—rental of land, a poll tax, and custom duties. The latter apply to exports as well as imports; the poll tax is fixed at \$9 per head of adult males, and the rental is one dollar per acre per annum of all lands held under crown tenure. As there is no freehold in Tonga, the rental applies to the whole area in occupation in the islands. In return for these exactions, the government provides roads, wharfs, schools, and all necessary public buildings, more than that, it provides free education, free medical attention and nursing, free medicines, police protection, and free access to the courts of law in the event of any dispute arising to be settled by the magistrates. Opportunity is also given, as a last resort, for free appeal to the chief justice. The system seems Arcadian in its simplicity and completeness, and is a tribute to the capacity for self-government possessed by these unsophisticated island people. One hundred years ago they were heathen, illiterate, and withal a savage race, but so great has been the transformation under missionary influence since 1822, that Tonga is now one of the brightest spots in the whole Pacific. Crime is almost unknown, and the premier assured me that poverty is entirely absent. Education of an elementary kind is universal, while the missionaries in co-operation with the government are providing for higher education. Two colleges have been opened at Nukualofa, one in charge of the government and the other conducted by the Methodist Church. The Tongans have proved themselves capable of receiving a high-class education, with a special keenness for mathematics. Dr. Carruthers, a veteran of the N. S. W. Conference, who has just returned from a visit to the islands, says the Tongans are also very musical. Their rendition of such high-class choral work as the "Hallelujah Chorus" is especially creditable, he reports.

Last year the Tongan Government reported an accumulated surplus of half a million dollars, which is more than sufficient to run the affairs of the country for a whole year. With all this money to their credit, however, Tongans cannot boast of a single bank in which to deposit their surplus. Most of this money is on deposit in New Zealand, Australia and England, where it is bearing interest to the credit of the Government. In view of the vexed

question of land reform in older democracies, Tonga's system of land tenure is most interesting. Land cannot be bought, but every male on becoming of age is given a lease of eight and a quarter acres, for which he is charged a rental equal to about one dollar per year. Each adult male is also given a half-acre block in his native village, so that when he takes unto himself a wife he has a decent sized lot on which to build his house. His eight-and-a-quarter "plantation" can be looked after and still allow him to live in the town. It is planted for him when he is a boy of sixteen, and by the time he is twenty-one years of age it is yielding sufficient coconuts, pineapples, yams,

thing when his annual missionary subscription falls due. If work is scarce, or he does not care for the jobs offering, he simply pulls a few dozen more coconuts from his eight and a quarter acres, gathers a few score extra pineapples, or disposes of a few loads of yams, and lo—the money is there! Plenty of it, too. On one circuit, with 450 members and adherents, last year's missionary offering amounted to over \$6,000.

The system of land tenure was introduced by the late King George, the native chief who by conquest in 1852 became overlord of the island group. He was converted to Christianity when forty years old, during the time of his conquest. In carrying out what he considered to be Christian principles he gave the conquered chiefs their lands back on condition that they would present every adult male with plantation and village sites as described.

Ecclesiastically, Tonga's population is divided as follows:—seventy per cent. belong to the Free Methodist Church, which is the state church with the Queen as the official head; ten per cent. belong to the Wesleyan Methodists; ten per cent. are Roman Catholics; and the balance belong to "various other denominations" including the Seventh Day Adventists, who unfortunately have followed in the wake of the pioneer missionaries. It ought to be said that the Free Methodists of Tonga have no connection with those of a similar name in Canada. They are the members of the original church who in 1884 broke away from the Australian Church because of the latter's refusal to grant them a Conference of their own. Much bitterness was caused at the time, the king leading the revolt, and establishing himself as the official head of the new church. The breach is almost healed now, however. The prince consort, for instance, is a Wesleyan, despite the fact that his queen is head of the state church; the Premier's wife is also a Wesleyan, being on the opposite side of the fence from her husband. In the old days such divisions would have split the royal household and wrecked the government; to-day, however, little notice is taken of it, and "Methodist union" is looked upon as quite possible in the future.

A British protectorate set among the coral islands of the beautiful Pacific, with a rich soil and equable climate, a country without an army or a navy, without a barroom (for they have prohibition there), with no private ownership of land, no poverty and no public debt, and with eighty per cent. of the inhabitants members of the Christian Church—such is Tonga, the Utopia of the Southern Seas. Truly a tribute to the practicability of applied Christianity and to the enterprise, ability and consecration of the Methodist missionary.

Come and Rest

By HELEN B. ANDERSON

The Master, worn and spent with many a journey,
Far up and down the Eastern country-side,
The twelve returning from their Master's mission
To heal the sick and scatter blessings wide,
To heal the sick and scatter blessings wide,
Encompassed were, by many coming, going—
Tireless they seemed upon life's anxious quest—
When to the way-worn twelve the Master whispered,
"Come ye apart with me awhile and rest."

Oh! blessed words to soothe the weary spirit,
When all the way seems rough (and steep and long,

When for the best of toil there seems no merit,
No laurel wreath, no sound of victor's song—
For when of tears and toil we have grown weary,
We hear a voice dispelling our distress,
"The still, small voice" that breathes in tones so cheery—
"Come ye apart with me awhile and rest."

etc., to provide a good living for himself and the lady of his choice. Indeed, so prolific is the yield of his plantation, that he need only work on an average a couple of days each week. The rest of the time is leisure, in which he can busy himself beautifying his home; or he may cultivate the arts and sciences, discuss the affairs of Church and State with his neighbor, or "go fishing." Should the individual be needing a new house, or an American buggy, or a European four-poster bed (greatly desired by the average native) all he has to do is to work a few days per week on government roads or European works until he has saved enough money to purchase the article required. The Tongan, if he be a good churchman (and most of them are) does much the same

The Ecumenical Conference

By Rev. Wm. Wakinshaw

THE fifth Ecumenical Conference of the Methodist Church opened its doors at six o'clock on the evening of Tuesday, Sept. 6th, in Wesley's Chapel, City Road, London. But before we enter the venerable shrine, built by our founder himself, with all its hallowed and historical associations, we must pause and ponder the setting and the accessories of the gathering.

There are five hundred names in the list of delegates. It is an education and an inspiration to watch them arrive and take their bearings in the spacious ground in front or behind the sacred cave, the Mecca of Methodism. The overseas delegates naturally aroused the keenest interest, and among them the brethren of African blood in all shades in the gamut of color from jet black to delicate olive, excited the liveliest curiosity. Among them is Prof. William S. Scarborough, LL.D., who was here twenty years ago, and who is reputed to be the most learned negro on the top of the globe. Canada soon strides into our ken, in the shape of Dr. Chown's com-

manding figure. Not far away is the dapper form of Dr. Edgar Blake, one of America's recent Bishops, worthily representing his mighty Church on the continent of Europe. Asia, too, was there. One of the most keenly appreciated chiefs in the assembled clans was Bishop Usaki, D.D., of Japan. Many of the visitors had spent the day exploring the house, and the haunts and the grave of Wesley, in and around the city of London.

The inaugural service was conducted by the Presidents of the three chief branches of British Methodism—the Revs. J. Alfred Sharp (Wesleyan), Samuel Horton (Primitive) and William Treffry (United Methodist.) Dr. S. P. Rose, of Montreal, then entered the pulpit and preached the official sermon of the Conference. The discourse was based on the words, "Behold I make all things new," and it was at once a scholarly, progressive, and impressive deliverance. In its range of thought and its insistence on the adjustment of Christianity to the ever changing demands of the age, the

sermon was in every way worthy of great occasion. Twenty years ago we had no Central Hall at Westminster, and so on Wednesday morning the Conference met under its large dome. But the change was not an undiminished gain. We were unpleasantly reminded of the title of Mr. Boreham's latest book, "The Home of the Echoes." From time to time speakers were reminded that they must lift up their voices and talk direct to their audience.

The day's programme very fittingly began with a Communion service, conducted by President Sharp and Bishop John W. Hamilton, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The elements were distributed by a band of representative ministers from many lands.

But we were not yet in the throes of discussions. Certain officials were elected and then two important acts of courtesy were discharged. Sir R. Walter Essex read a gracious message from the King to the Conference. This was acknowledged in an address in reply to His Majesty, moved by Sir William Middlebrook, M.P., and sec-

onded by Bishop Hamilton. A similar compliment was paid to the great Republic when Sir Robert W. Perks proposed an address to President Harding, which was seconded by Bishop William N. Ainsworth, of the M.E.C. South. "God save our gracious King," and "My Country, 'tis of Thee" were heartily sung as each of these addresses was enthusiastically approved.

This is perhaps the most fitting spot to state that in addition to our Sovereign, messages of good-will have come from the Prime Minister, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, Dr. John Clifford, Dr. Robert F. Horton, Dr. John H. Shakespeare, Viscountess Astor, M.P., and others

A Decade in Retrospect

The first essay of the long series of important papers and speeches was assigned to the Rev. Frederick L. Wiseman, B.A., an Ex-President of the Wesleyan Conference and now the Secretary of its Home Missions. The war dominated his speech. His own Church had been on the eve of big developments, when the clash of arms scattered our plans and shattered our hopes. We were now recovering our

tone and temper. The horizon of the future was tinged with rose and amber and gold.

A distinguished chemist, Mr. H. Lloyd Snape, D.Sc., Ph.D., O.B.E., of the United Methodist Church, followed in Mr. Wiseman's wake and spoke in no uncertain terms of the decided progress of unity in the British Isles. On his heels came a sturdy Primitive of the North—the Rev. Wm. Younger, of Newcastle. The evangelical note vibrated from end to end of his speech. The burden of his oration was to enquire for the old paths of converting power and walk therein.

The Western World

In the afternoon, attention was focussed on the Western Hemisphere. The Rev. Wm. Treffry, president of the Uniteds, held the devotional exercises; part of the service was conducted by the Rev. John G. Bowran, better known by his pen name of Ramsey Guthrie. Bishop F. D. Leete, LL.D., of the M.E.C., read a remarkable essay on, "Ten Year's Retrospect of Methodist work in the Western Section." He was able to record chapter after chapter of gratifying progress. But he could not escape from the barbed wire entanglements of the European Armageddon. Now that grim-visaged war had smoothed its wrinkled front, order and advance were assured.

Among the subsequent speakers were Dr. Claudius B. Spencer, of Kansas, the editor of the *Central Christian Advocate*, and Bishop Kogoro Usaki, D.D., of Yokohama. Here Dr. Watkinson, by request, amid the deepest attention, delivered a short and exquisite speech.

A Brilliant Reception

At half past six the lower hall was the scene of a reception of delegates and hosts by the three British Presidents and Sir Robert W. Perks and the Rev. Joseph T. Barkby, the Treasurers of the Conference.

After this "at home" in the smaller rooms, the favored guests scaled the broad flight of marble stairs to the main auditorium. Here the doors were flung open to all and sundry. Sir Robert Perks most fittingly occupied the chair, and in a chaste and kindly speech bade all the representatives and visitors welcome—especially those who had crossed an ocean to reach our shores. He reminded them that when the Conference met in London twenty years ago, the site of the present hall was a place of amusement of doubtful character. The existing building was the heart and nerve centre of our Church—the centre from which a multitude of benevolent influences radiated. Nor did the Baronet fail to beat much more than a few furtive taps on the Methodist Union drum. President Sharp then dotted the "i's" and crossed the "t's" of this welcome in a genial speech. He was succeeded by Mr. J. Gray, J.P., a pawky Primitive layman from Glasgow. His sly, humorous digs were richly enjoyed. Then came the responses from four brethren, each from a separate community. The Rev. Wallace McMullen spoke for the Methodist Episcopal Church. The voice of her Southern sister was heard in the Hon. M. E. Lawson. Dr. J. W. Graham was the embodiment of the gratitude of Canada, and the Colored M.E.C. spoke in the person of Mr. C. N. Phillips, who, like Luke, could be described as a loving physician.

Christ and the Word

The whole of Thursday morning consisted of unbroken succession of reverent tributes to our Saviour and our Scriptures. The Rev. Henry Howard

is one of the representatives of Australia in the Conference. He is one of the giants of the pulpit in that land. Advantage was taken of the gifts with which he is so richly endowed and at the beginning of the session he delivered a special address on "The Supreme Authority of Jesus Christ as Saviour."

The first essay had for its title "The Authority of the Bible," and it was read by the Rev. W. Theophilus Davison, D.D., an Ex-President of the Wesleyan Conference—one of the grand old men of our ministry. His presentation of the case showed that age had not withered his intellectual keenness and his spiritual penetration. It was a masterly defence of the attitude of the modern mind to the Bible. He held the scales poised evenly between those rash critics who seek to mutilate the Sacred Book out of all recognition, and those who regard it with the superstition that prevailed before Biblical criticism was born.

Prof. I. J. Peritz, Ph.D., of the M.E.C., was the first designated speaker, and immediately after him came the Rev. William A. Grist, one of the scholars of the United Community, with a thoughtful utterance on "The Authority of the In-dwelling Spirit."

Dr. Ivan Lee Holt, of the M.E.C. South, was responsible for the second essay on "Christian Doctrine in Relation to Present Thought," and discharged his duty admirably. A pundit from the Eastern section was followed by another from the Western contingent. The former was a Primitive, in the person of the Rev. A. Lewis Humphries, M.A. The latter carried the M.E.C. flag and was the Rev. George Elliott, D.D., distinguished editor. His exposition was one of the most brilliant efforts of the first week of the Conference. He fairly coruscated. His sly touches of humor and sarcasm were rapturously enjoyed and when he retreated from the platform he received an ovation.

Dr. H. C. Morrison, of the M.E.C. South, was disposed to dispute some of the positions taken by those who preceded him.

Biblical Criticism

What might be described as a second chapter of the same subject was written in the afternoon. The initial contribution came from Prof. Arthur S. Penke, M.A., D.D., one of the ornaments of the Primitive Church, and with a reputation for scholarship that is European. "Modern Biblical Criticism" was his topic. This he handled with consummate ability and was listened to with strained attention. He is one of the foremost in insisting on the modern interpretation of the Bible that science and investigation have made possible, but not a sentence was read that would wound the susceptibilities of those who cling to hoary traditional views.

Bishop Nuelsen had been chosen for the first speech and to him succeeded the Rev. C. Ryder Smith, D.D., one of the staff of Richmond Wesleyan College, with an acceptable paper on "The Bible of Experience."

We passed to the next dish on the menu. This was an essay by the Rev. Lyman E. Davis, D.D., of the Methodist Protestant Church, on "Evangelical Theology in the light of Experience and Philosophy." The two speakers selected were the Rev. Wm. Bradfield, B.A., Wesleyan, and M. T. Plyler, D.D., M. E. C. South. All three were helpful contributors.

Christian Unity

The Friday morning session will indisputably rank as one of the most

practical and profitable in the series. Dr. Chown, as one who is in the forefront of a Church that has solved the problem under discussion, was most appropriately in the chair. But before the topic of the hour could be reached, two resolutions bearing on IRELAND were approved. One was an address ingeminating peace, and the other was a proposal that its terms should be wired to Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. De Valera.

"Aspects of Methodist Re-Union" was the heading of the essay assigned to the Rev. Henry Smith, editor of the *United Methodist*, and the Ex-President of his Church. He soon revealed himself as an easy master of his theme. Then we had the speech of a "statesman" from Bishop E. D. Mouzon, D.D., of the M. E. C. South. The platform was then taken by Sir Robert Perks, the trusted British leader of the forces of fusion, who delivered a trenchant speech on Methodist Union—"A National Need."

Then we were swept away with a whirlwind. Mr. James R. Joy, Litt. D., of the M. E. C., created the tornado. His title was "Aspects of Methodist Re-Union." His paper was a marvellous compound of logic, wit, irony and pathos. Its appeal was irresistible, and if there were any opponents of union present one thinks that they must inevitably have cried for mercy, and through their penitential tears glimpsed and groped their way to the penitent form.

Able addresses from the Rev. Henry J. Taylor, the President-elect of the Primitives, and Bishop G. C. Clement, D.D., of the African M. E. Zion Church, drove home Dr. Joy's points.

Burying the Ecclesiastical Hatchet

The afternoon session was another means of grace. The asperities of ecclesiastical life were perceptibly softened. The Rev. John Hornibrook, a Wesleyan Ex-President, was in command. The elected readers or speakers were Dr. David G. Downy, M.E.C., Sir George J. Smith, D.L., (whose paper was read by the Rev. John E. Walkerby, the secretary of the Wesleyan Conference) and the Rev. Paul H. Linn, D.D., of the M. E. C. South, and their theme was "The Re-Union of Christendom." The subject was continued by a second set of instructors in the persons of Dr. J. Scott Lidgett, Wesleyan. Dr. J. J. Wallace, M.E.C., and the Rev. James Lockhart, Primitive, and to their disquisitions Dr. Graham, of Toronto, added a forceful speech.

"Inter-Racial Brotherhood" was the final topic of this eventful day. Bishop Kyles, African M. E. Zion Church, presided. A courageous and capable paper was read by Bishop Ainsworth. The appointed speakers were the Rev. Amos Burnet, a Wesleyan Missionary Secretary, who spoke on "Christianity and Racial Antagonisms," and Bishop N. C. Cleaver, D.D., of the Colored M. E. C. One of the outstanding features of the subsequent discussion was a speech by Mr. E. G. Beck, from Germany. His plea for the abolition of racial hatreds was so wonderful that it won a tempest of cheering and the audience sprang to their feet and sang "Blest be the tie that binds."

"Foreign Mission Problems" were the order of the day on Saturday. The universal note prevailed in every paper and speech. Mr. Elmar L. Kidney was chairman. The electoral speakers were the Rev. Ezra Squier Tipple, D.D., of the M. E. C., who had for his text, "Christ, the World's

Greatest Need." The exposition was continued by the Rev. Charles Stedford, one of the missionary experts of the United Methodist Church, and the Rev. B. M. Tipple, D.D., of the M.E.C.

The same subject under a different guise was continued when the Rev. Edgar W. Thompson, M.A., one of the Wesleyan Missionary Secretaries, introduced "The National Spirit and its Effect on Foreign Missions." In his wake came the Rev. S. H. Wainwright D.D., M. E. C. South, from Tokio, Japan, and the Rev. Theophilus Sabrahomyam, of the Wesleyan Church in India.

There was no afternoon session, but at night there was a public Foreign Missionary demonstration.

Mrs. (Rev.) Alex. G. Harris

Sarah Margaret Williams daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Williams was born Jan. 14th. 1848 in the village of Allenburg. When thirteen years of age she moved with her parents to Ingersoll where she spent her girlhood life. Here she had the advantage of the excellent schools, public and high, of that town, which she attended, and her mental development was continuous and rapid. Possessing a taste for music and having a strong, beautiful voice she enriched the Methodist choir there for years.

Soundly converted in early life, she united with the Methodist Church, under the ministry of Rev. Thos. Cleghorn. Soon she developed a talent for usefulness, and found her place in the primary class as assistant teacher.

She was married in June, 1869, to Rev. Alex. G. Harris by the Rev. E. H. Dewart, newly elected editor of the *GUARDIAN*. He had been his pastor the previous year.

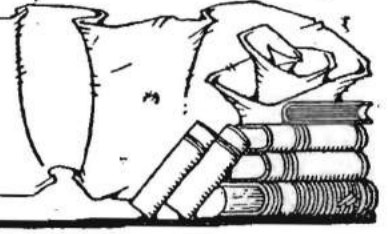
During the next forty-eight years of her life she occupied with her husband and family different parsonages in villages, towns, and city, where she most efficiently discharged the duties, and bore the burdens of a Methodist minister's wife. In Christian work she took her full share, being especially interested in missionary and temperance movements. Into these two branches of work she threw all the power of her sanctified womanhood. Her life might be summed up in a few words—a true wife, a wise and tender mother, and an earnest worker in the church of God.

After an invalidism of over six years, often suffering greatly—blind most of the time—all of which she bore with wonderful patience, she peacefully fell asleep in Jesus, June 2nd, 1921. She leaves to mourn her loss, her husband, Rev. Alex. G. Harris, two sons, Percy D. Harris, B.A., Winnipeg, and Geo. G. Harris, B.A., Moose Jaw, and three daughters, Mrs. F. E. Thompson, St. Thomas, Mrs. (Rev.) D. S. Kerr, Chentu, China, and Miss Winnifred, Toronto. On June 6th the funeral was conducted in the home by Rev. J. T. Crosby Morris, assisted by Rev. G. J. Kerr and others. Six superannuated brethren, old friends, acted as bearers, and her remains were laid to rest in the Ingersoll rural cemetery.

"Go to the grave? No, take thy seat above
"Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord;
When thou, for faith and hope hast perfect love
And open vision for the written word."



EDITORIAL



Marriage and Communism

IN *Soviet Russia* for September, 1921, there is an article by Alexandra Kollontay on "The Fight against Prostitution," which throws rather a lurid light upon the Russian Communists' views of the marriage question. The Communist objection to prostitution seems to lie solely in this fact, that it means desertion from work, and the official view of the Central Organ is that "lawful wives who are existing on the means of their husbands and are of no use to the state are just as much deserters from work as are the prostitutes." And the writer implies that looseness in sex relations is in itself no crime. She says, "The factor of conjugal relations, of a relation between the sexes, is eliminated. That factor cannot serve as the defining element of crime in the Workers' Republic." And further on in the discussion the writer declares that freedom of relations between the sexes cannot be counted as a crime. "The interests of the commonwealth of the workers are not in any way disturbed by the fact that marriage is of a short or prolonged duration, whether its basis is love, passion, or a transitory physical attraction." Evidently the writer has thrown overboard entirely the ideal of Christian marriage as a permanent and indissoluble union between a man and a woman.

With such views it is evident that the idea of the family is doomed and the author does not hesitate to say so. She speaks very plainly on this point—"It is necessary to declare the truth outright: the old form of the family is passing away. The Communist society has no use for it. The bourgeois world celebrated the isolation, the cutting off of the married pair from the collective weal; in the scattered and disjointed individual bourgeois society, full of struggle and destruction, the family was the sole anchor of hope in the storms of life, the peaceful haven in the ocean of hostilities and competitions between persons. The family represented an independent class in the collective unit. There can and must be no such thing in the Communist society. For Communist society as a whole represents such a fortress of the collective life, precluding any possibility of the existence of an isolated class of family bodies, existing by itself with its ties of birth, with its female egoism, its love of family honor, its absolute segregation."

It is possible that not all Russian Communists would wholly agree with this writer but we think the above statements, published in what purports to be the official organ of Soviet Russia, represent very fairly the ordinary Communist view in regard to the relation of the sexes, and we give space to these quotations that our people may understand just the goal at which the Commune is aiming. There are some persons in Canada who would have us believe that the Russian Commune is greatly belied, and they do not hesitate to hint that if the truth were known we should find communism as it exists in Russia to be the nearest approach to Christian civilization which we have in the world to-day. It is well that our people should know just what it is that Communism stands for, that they may judge whether, by any possibility, the millennium may lie by way of Moscow.

The Things Worth Most

SIR ERNEST CASSEL, famous financier and millionaire, who died suddenly a few days ago, had a magnificent mansion in London, furnished with greatest luxury. But he was alone. His wife only lived three years, and his only daughter died a few years ago. Shortly after her death he gave an interview in which he said: "Most people put too much belief in the theory that wealth brings happiness. Perhaps I would be entitled to say it is not so."

"There are greater joys in life than the possession of money. I know the pleasure of owning beautiful things. You see them in my house and perhaps envy them. But remember, I am alone here. I have

no one to share them with now. The things best worth having are the things money cannot buy. There is nothing in the greatest financial success to equal the love of a devoted wife and the delight of a family of happy children."

Was Mr. Cassel right or not? If he was, then the thousands of men who are neglecting their families in the frantic struggle to get rich, and who hope when rich to enjoy those families, are all wrong. If the family is worth more than wealth then it should come before wealth, and family ties should be carefully preserved and strengthened even if it mean the sacrifice of our dreams of wealth. But to many the possession of wealth means unlimited luxury, and the purchase of everything which is beautiful and desirable; and they forget that the most precious things, the most beautiful things, and the most enjoyable things are those that money cannot buy.

What fools men are to spend their days in a feverish rush to get rich, while they neglect the wife and children whose love and companionship are purer gold than ever came out of the refiner's crucible. Our stocks and bonds may total millions or hundreds of millions, but they can never still the hungry soul which cries out for human friendship and love. "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness!" Surely the righteousness referred to includes as one of its chief constituents loyalty, deep-seated and perpetual, to our own home folks!

Commend Suppression of Saloon.

CHARLES H. SITCH and John E. Davison, Labor members of the British Parliament, recently visited the United States to see how prohibition was working, and they have just published their report. The report declares that the suppression of the saloon is "an achievement for which the American people cannot be too thankful," and having said that the report proceeds to show what a mistake it was to eliminate the saloon, and warns the British public to be on its guard against repeating this mistake for which it before said the American people "cannot be too thankful."

Naturally the report goes over the time-worn argument that the saloon should have been cleansed of its worst features, and that change of management, more effective government control, and greater facilities for the supply of wines and beer, would have been much better than prohibition. No doubt our English M.P.'s think that they are saying something which had not occurred to American prohibitionists, but they are only reiterating the argument which has been used upon this continent for more than a generation in favor of the perpetuation of the saloon, and they make a grave mistake if they think that it has not been considered long and carefully by the lovers of temperance both in the United States and Canada.

The report declares: "If ever it is sought to impose a similar law on our statute books the electors must see to it that it is not 'planted' upon them in the dark, but that its acceptance shall be only after a full opportunity is afforded for its adequate consideration and that it is submitted for their approval and consent in a constitutional manner."

It would not be right to say that these English Members of Parliament intend to imply that the prohibitory amendment to the United States constitution was "planted in the dark" and without "a full opportunity being afforded for its adequate consideration," and yet we cannot help but think that this is the view of the report which will be accepted by many; and it is so utterly at variance with the facts as to be absurd. The amendment which was sanctioned by forty-six out of forty-eight States in the Union was surely not "planted" in the dark, and it certainly had been discussed most fully, and even frantically, in every State in the Union.

And when these "investigators" go on to say that people who know describe America as "a bootleggers' paradise," they must know that if they gave the names of their informants they would in most cases be those of strong upholders of the liquor traffic.

The tone of the report, to use American phraseology, is distinctly "wet," and it leads us to believe either that English labor men went to the wrong sources for their information, or else they saw what they wanted to see and believed what they wished to believe.

As we view it on this side of the Atlantic, the only men who welcome free and full discussion of the liquor trade are its opponents, and it is whispered that even in England, with all its boasted freedom, the leading newspapers are decidedly adverse to such a discussion going on in their columns. If this is the case, it is but a reproduction of the situation in Canada some years ago. The trade, and not the prohibitionists, dreads the light.

One Farmer's Investment

YEARS ago in a rural section in Pennsylvania, a small group of farmers, struggling for a livelihood, were building a church. Its cost was small, but the people were poor and the building of the church meant sacrifice. One man, Edward W. Stuntz, had a mortgage upon his farm, but he borrowed \$3,000 and put it into the church. Some of his neighbors thought he was unwise to do this, but he said, "I have nine children, and my only aim in life is to raise them up to be Christian men and women. The Church is a necessity for me, for my farm would be useless without it." And all these nine children became Christians, two of them becoming preachers and two others becoming wives of preachers; and one of the preachers, now Bishop Homer Stuntz, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, recently visited the old home community to dedicate a new church to replace the old one for which his father had borrowed money.

Was it a good investment? Was it a wise and prudent thing to borrow \$3,000 merely to make a church possible to his community? It may be that some farmers made investments which paid better in dollars and cents, although this is not by any means certain, but we venture to say that any investment which results in bringing the whole family to Christ is one of the very best possible. It certainly required some faith to go into debt \$3,000 to make a payment on the church, but we think that faith was abundantly honored.

Is it not possible that the difficulty with some of us is that our religion is too cheap? We do not put much into it, and we do not get much out of it. "He that soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly, and he that soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully." Perhaps we should be greatly surprised if we knew just what our children thought of our religion. If we do not take our profession of faith seriously our children will be certain to discover it; and if we do take it seriously they will surely know it.

But what do we mean by taking religion seriously? We certainly do not mean taking it gloomily; but we do mean valuing it at something like its proper value. If the Church is made merely a side issue in life we will certainly fail to do much for it, and it will probably do little for us. But if we make the Church a really serious affair, if we treat it as something that counts, if we put into it our best thought and effort and support it ungrudgingly and liberally with our money, we shall find that we shall reap most bountifully. The Church is never long in any man's debt. Its dividends begin to be paid at once and on a lavish scale, and they continue to the third and fourth generation.

We have reason to revise our old views as to our Church givings. The man who puts \$5,000 into a fine automobile and hands the church \$100 a year needs to be spiritually revolutionized. The woman who pays fifty dollars for a winter's concerts and five dollars for converting the world is practically a heathen. The preacher who talks eloquently about sacrifice, and all the while is looking around for a soft place to light is a disgrace to the cloth. If the Church means anything to us it ought to mean a great deal; and if it does it ought to be the easiest thing in the world to give our very best, in time, in effort, and in money. And if we really take our religion seri-

ously it will mean that not preachers alone but laymen, and not poor men alone but millionaires and multi-millionaires, will count it an honor to give as freely and as bountifully as the Lord has given them. And when we do so we shall find that the blessing of it will flood our households, and our children and our children's children will rejoice because of it.

He Never Complained

WE read the other day of a man who is the head of an establishment that is the largest of its kind privately owned in the world. After the war his business was hard hit, and in six months its losses, which ran into the million, equalled the profits of the previous ten years, and that very year he had to pay a heavy tax on the profits of the previous year. But this man never complained, and when someone spoke of his heavy losses he simply smiled. And now his fortune has been cut in two, and his profits are but a fraction of what they were; yet he keeps on smiling. And if he had lost all he had he would still have smiled, his head would still have remained erect, and he would never have complained.

We wonder what such men are worth to the world! They do not tell their troubles and few know that they have them, and their heroism has in it no trace of playing to the gallery. It seems almost as though such conduct ought to be widely advertised, and yet, for the man himself to advertise it would be to rob it of one of its chief virtues. And so it happens that often these heroic lives are lived within plain sight of us all, and we never recognize the heroism in them until the hero, or heroine, has passed beyond our ken. But the fact that there is not a little unrecognized heroism all about us should stimulate our imaginations and should impel us to discover it, if possible. And if we find a man or woman who has learned to smile in the face of misfortune, and if we recognize that they never complain, no matter how things go, we may make up our minds that there is probably something of the genuinely heroic in them. We may take it for granted that most men and women have enough trouble to test all the grace there is in them, and if we know that they do not complain, we may rest assured that it is not because they have everything their own way, but because they have learned the great lesson of patient fortitude.

Most of us know how to complain. We have failed to learn many a lesson, but this one we have learned only too well. We complain of the cold and we complain of the heat; we complain of the crops and we complain of the prices; we complain of the men who are over us and we complain of the men who are under us; we complain of our laws and we complain of our rulers; we complain of our food and we complain of our clothing; we complain of our wives and we complain of our children; we complain of our schools and we complain of our churches; we complain of our fellows and, if we dared, we would complain of our God; we complain in youth, we complain in middle age, and we complain in old age; we even die grumbling and unless some miracle happens we will grumble when we enter heaven. And all the while, right alongside of us, lives some heroic soul, who bears all that we bear, suffers all that we suffer, and never complains at all. Which is the better way?

"He never complained." Again and again we have listened to the story of some brother's or sister's trouble and rejoiced when we were told that amid all the trouble "he never once complained." The heroic is not dead in men, and it never will be; and the record of one soul that never flinched from hardest trial and smiled when everything went wrong, will gird a thousand others with strength and courage for their hour of trial. Little men grumble and complain; big men meet trouble with a smile. How big are we?

We Know in Part

LONG ago when Christ walked with his disciples in the days of his flesh, he desired to tell them many things, but refrained because of their unfitness to receive them. "I have yet," He said, "many things to say to you, but ye cannot bear them now." And if He had told them they would not have understood them. And to-day, with all our education and enlightenment, we are still but poorly prepared to receive new truths, and our Lord must necessarily lead us as we are able to travel along the great highway of truth.

The recognition of this fact will save us from cer-

tain common and lamentable blunders. It is no strange thing to hear an earnest, honest Christian advising another to read the Bible prayerfully and the Spirit of God will undoubtedly guide him into all truth, usually meaning that the Spirit will cause him to see things just as his brother, who advises him, sees them. This is a very simple doctrine, and it is very easy to accept, but the difficulty is that it is only, at best, a half-truth. It is true, profoundly true, as Christ told His disciples, that "when He, the Spirit of truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth," but it is also true that that Spirit can guide us only as fast as we are able to travel, and our early predilections, our prejudices, our educational limitations, the ignorance of our age, and our own mentality are all factors in the case which cannot be ignored.

This is clear to every thinking man, and so clear that we marvel that men so often fail to grasp it. And yet they do fail; and the result too often is most deplorable. When a man believes himself to be led unerringly by the Spirit of God, he is no longer open to reason; and his opponents are necessarily "lovers of darkness." This is very gratifying to human vanity as it enables a man so to identify his will with God's will, and his way with God's way, as to flatter his conscience with the assurance that he alone is right and his opponents are wrong and in fighting against him they are fighting against God. This conviction certainly gives great comfort to the man and justifies to no small degree any severity towards his opponents, and makes the very human wrath of man take on the guise of "righteous indignation." And filled with this "righteous indignation" some men have no hesitation in consigning all their opponents to the devil and his tender mercies.

This was the spirit that in past centuries made religious wars so terrible, and this spirit is struggling frantically for expression in the life of to-day. It is true that in most cases the Christian Church has learned by past bitter experience the folly of this course, and we rather pride ourselves upon the fact that we have reached an era of religious toleration and intellectual liberty, and yet at times it is painfully evident that the old "tooth and claw" rule is still not wholly superseded. Even yet we find good Christian brethren consigning their so-called Christian opponents to perdition. It is true that we do it more politely than in past generations, and we do it

possibly with greater intelligence and greater discrimination, and we do not do it in such wholesale fashion as in the good old days, but still we do it; and we do it with just as great satisfaction as did our benighted ancestors. Of course we pray for the brethren whom we so unceremoniously consign to the devil, but so did the Roman priests when they, in God's name, sent heretics to the stake. Evidently something more than honesty and prayer is necessary to save us from relapsing into the errors of our fathers.

We think that something is Christian humility, the willingness to admit that we are just as human as our most pronounced opponents; and this humility is none too common. Sometimes we hardly know whether to be indignant or to laugh at the good brethren who are so absolutely sure of their own omniscience and so perfectly satisfied of their own infallibility, and who are at the same time so blissfully unconscious of this fact. With one breath they will tell you how weak and erring they are, and with the next they will pass swift and direct judgment on all who differ with them. Such men we cannot change; but at least we may use them as an awful warning of what may happen to a perfectly honest man who allows the devil to delude him into belief in his own omniscience. The man may be honest, but he may become a source of great danger and unlimited friction to the Church.

But some will tell us that if such men really ask the Lord for guidance He will certainly guide them. This is neither according to reason nor scripture. The Lord will guide, not those who ask for guidance, but those who are willing to be guided, which is a very different thing. There are tens of thousands of good people who ask the Lord to guide them, and who all the while are absolutely determined to go their own way. The Lord speaks to these people by his prophets, by their own friends, through their own reason, and even by His providence, but they have so identified their way with God's way that they will not listen to the voice of the Lord. And as long as the man is so confident of himself, the Lord cannot possibly teach him. When he learns humility he will learn wisdom; when he learns to distrust himself he will learn to trust God; when he learns to give up his own way, then, and not till then, will he discover God's way.



AT the annual meeting of Mitchells & Butlers, of Birmingham, wholesale liquor merchants, the fact was brought out that the business is not only that of wholesale brewers and wine and spirit merchants, but they have also 1,300 distributing centres and nearly 700 tied houses. And of course they are strongly in favor of "personal liberty" in the sale and consumption of liquor. John Barleycorn is well entrenched in the Old Land, but there are signs that his day will not last forever.

WE read a story in a well-informed journal which told of five Greek brothers in Uniontown who had made so much money shining shoes during the past fifteen years that they are going to build a \$1,000,000 hotel. We have not been able to verify the story, but it illustrates the fact that this continent offers wonderful opportunities for advancement to all who are willing to work and to save. But the working will not get us far unless we learn to save, and this we have not learned yet nearly so well as we should.

THE new British census gives Great Britain (exclusive of Ireland) a population of 42,767,530. The figure for England is 35,670,530; for Wales, 2,206,712, and for Scotland, 4,882,288. As conditions in Ireland have not been favorable for census taking, the returns for that country are not given, but they are estimated not to exceed 4,500,000. The population of Greater London is given as 7,476,168. London is thus still larger than New York, the latest figures for that city being 5,621,151. The rate of increase in Britain's population for the decade just closed was 4.7 per cent., as compared with 10.09 per cent. the previous ten years.

ARE you a menace to the health of the community? We don't mean that you have any contagious disease, but we wonder if you talk health or sickness. Is a visit with you like visiting a hospital, or like visiting the out of doors? There are people whose grand staple of conversation is the ill-health of the community, and in these days of high nervous tension we think it would be well if they could be halted. Talk about the bright things you have seen. Tell how well people are. Spread health and not sickness, and remember that the germs of many diseases lurk under the tongue. Use that tongue wisely!

THERE are two new books published by the Oxford Press that ought to be interesting to Canadian readers just now, when the tariff issue is before us in the midst of an election campaign. One is "The Correspondence of Sir John A. Macdonald" by Sir Joseph Pope, and the other, "The Life and Times of Sir Wilfred Laurier," by Professor O. D. Skelton, M.A. These two ought to be excellent source-books for a study of this great issue. And incidentally they are sure to be very interesting.

THE death at his home in Ealing at the age of eighty-one of Austin Dobson removes a poet and essayist of rare charm who is not as well known to the reading public as he ought to be. Perhaps he is known and loved as poet more than as essayist, though he always considered his work in the latter field as more worth while. His essays show a light and graceful touch, while much of his poetry has a delightfully whimsical touch. He lived a calm and uneventful life, finding most of his pleasure in literary work and study and in quiet fellowship with literary people.



Playing the Game

WE play a game when we drive along the King's highway, a most fascinating game that makes the trip so much more interesting. Of course we have always admired the well-kept farms, and commented on the different kinds of fences, and argued as to which had more points in its favor, the picturesque old snake-fence or the one built of stone. We have noticed the flowers by the roadside and wished we knew their names and families, and often we have stopped to admire some specially beautiful bit of scenery or to listen to a bird song. But now, while we take just as much interest in them as formerly, we watch the folk we pass, and take particular notice of the homes along the way.

Will you play the game with me for a minute or so? The first and most important rule is, that we must wave a greeting to those we pass on the road. People who live in the country are such friendly folk, and they would smile, and wave a greeting to all, if they dared. But some of the travellers along the way just frown and drive on, and we all know how it feels to have a greeting ignored. Usually we scold ourselves for having shown the friendly feeling, and vow that never again will we get caught. But presently there comes into view a smiling, happy party playing the game, and the first thing we know we have waved a greeting in return. So we must follow the first rule as we drive at not too great a speed along the King's highway or down a sheltered by-road. And we must try to give each passer-by his or her very own place in the picture.

Those children playing and romping down there by the stream, who waved and shouted to us as we passed, do you suppose they belong to the big house on the hill yonder, so imposing in its grandeur, or to the little house set in a flaming array of old-fashioned flowers that cuddles close to the road in a friendly fashion? There isn't much difficulty in placing the children in that picture, is there?

Ahead of us is a comfortable looking farm house, with a garden set out in neat rows and carefully cultivated. Down the drive there is a row of trees that reach out friendly arms to one another, and in the side yard there is a line full of snowy clothes blowing in the breeze. And through the window we catch a glimpse of a row of bright red geraniums on the window sill. Can't you picture that kitchen! It will have a yellow painted floor, spotlessly clean, and a winged arm-chair by the window, of the same sunshiny color. The big stove will be a symphony of black and silver, and as it is Saturday morning, do you suppose there might be a row of luscious looking pies on the pantry shelf? And

who will describe the mistress of that domain? Some one says she will be matronly and lovable with graying hair. Why? Because of the trees down the walk. Father planted one for each of the children and as the trees are grown up, so are the children. And father will be just the kind of man to fit into the picture, who thinks there never was such a home-maker and cook as mother, and who knows all the very nicest places to play on the acres of home. And there are people who say that houses have no individuality!

We will stop at the bend of the road here and take a look at the surrounding country. The fields are lying golden in the sunshine, with a heat haze over all and to our left there is a clump of evergreen trees through which a stream has pushed its winding way. Or rather did, for now there is no water running over the stones to make them cool. And look at this woman coming down the road, with eyes on the ground! We know that she will never play the game, and are not surprised when our greeting is ignored. She is what we sometimes call a *pestimist*, and we are thankful that we do not meet many of them along the way. We know her home when we come to it too. No sunshine is allowed to enter the rooms in the front of the house, and no fresh air circulates. And we know that the front door would be very hard to open because it is rarely if ever used. It

The Gingerbread Man

By IDA M. THOMAS

Grandma gave Tommy a gingerbread man
And he went out doors to play;
He was gone so long that grandma feared
He was lost or had run away.

But she found him lying fast asleep
In a bright sunshiny place,
And what do you think—the gingerbread man
Had run all over his face.

Isn't any wonder the woman is gloomy. Who could be happy without any sunshine. However, there is too much happiness on the road to-day to allow much time for folks and homes like this, so we just forget them and drive on.

Yes, we all like the King's highway, but there is a little sigh of contentment and a thrill of pleasurable excitement when we turn into a by-road. The highway is wide and safe and we know

pretty well what lies beyond the bend, but the by-road is like an elusive little elf, it beckons and runs away; and who knows what kind of adventure lies beyond the first curve! Nobody is ever too old to like adventure. They may say they are, but they are only pretending. Perhaps because they do not think it dignified, but they forget all about dignity when they begin to travel along that alluring green-shaded, golden-speckled road.

We could go on and on for ever and the game would never grow wearisome. It is always new. And one of the nicest things about it is that it can be played in front of the fire when the summer days are over and the nights are long. It only takes a second to bring the road before us, and we wonder what the folks are doing all along the way. Perhaps it is at this time, when we cannot go over the road, except in imagination, that we are most grateful to Charles Hanson Towne for

showing us how to play the game:

"The folk we see, yet never meet,
Whether on country road or street,
With faces shining, bright of eye,
Turning to wave a last good-bye,
I wonder if they know the thrill
They give me, when I cross the hill?
I wonder if they ever guess
How much they scatter happiness
To many a lonely traveller
With whom they never may confer;
And how much joy their presence
gives
To one who struggles as he lives?"

"I think of them when night comes
down
Upon the throbbing, restless town,
And love to picture them at ease
Beside their fires, among the trees—
In country lanes, in sheltered nooks,
Surrounded by loved ones and books,
At peace while all the world goes by,
And cloud ships sail across the sky.
Dear folk, I think of you and see
Your faces. Do you think of me?"

Avoiding the Humdrum

By Julia W. Wolfe

INTERNAL joy or humdrum? Too many people, apparently, admit of no other alternative in their manner of life than is found in these two poor extremes. There is something arresting and amusing in the apathetic, almost automatic accepting and allowing of the humdrum on the part of those who, unable or disinclined, to follow the *joy gait*, pursue the "noiseless tenor of their way," in a half-hearted, mechanical fashion that is so unhealthy as that of the *gay crowd*. By all that is normal and reasonable, a well-regulated, fully functioning mode of life should be the most zestful, and it is a perverted and discordant attitude of mind that lets it degenerate into the humdrum.

Probably we all have our humdrum periods, seasons of *seeing drab*, but to dwell upon this sensation, to bear with it as inevitable and submit to it as one's lot, instead of aggressively averting it, attacking it upon its approach, and abolishing it as a habit, is a mistake. Nothing so effectively keeps us youthful, competent, and joyous as an unimpaired sense of humor and novelty of life and the things about us, and a capacity for wonder, admiration, and enjoyment; so long as these are maintained and exercised the humdrum will remain unexperienced.

It is when complacency and smugness creep apace and settle upon us, when petty provincialism, prejudice, and that stuffy propriety that makes no room for variety, envelop and engulf us, that the humdrum comes hovering and soon drapes all.

Witness, how many women, once securely married, as if they had now fulfilled their destiny, themselves sink into mental and social seclusion and desuetude. Exclusive devotion to home and family, to domestic affairs, will soon lead to "cribbed, cabined and

confined" habits of thought and manner of life, and can only result in deadly humdrum.

Whereas the home should be the last place to be invaded by humdrum. It argues a grave fault in the school system when school life becomes humdrum to the pupils. Likewise, when business shows signs of dropping into humdrum it is a sure sign for a shaking up, reorganization, or a vacation. But above all, the home should be a haven and escape from the dragging humdrum of outside pursuits. The home should provide against humdrum as against a plague, should infuse that into a spirit which is calculated to combat humdrum. The grown and growing boys of a certain family that comes to our memory were fairly bored by invitations out, they hated so to miss the evening in the home circle. Another family of little brothers and sisters we know sought every excuse to detain them on their way home from school, because their own home was nothing but tiresome tasks or else nothing to do. It is only the aspect and atmosphere of humdrum that makes tasks, duties, work disagreeable, and to be dodged, shunned, procrastinated, or put through, with no other thought than to get them done.

Such a view of work is fundamentally and deplorably wrong. Children should be shown the play elements in work, should be induced to put the same spirit into their tasks as into their games, that of inventiveness, emulation, freedom of action, a definite object, with as little direction and restraint as possible. Punishment for misdemeanors should never take the form of useful tasks demanded of them. Perhaps if our earliest impressions of work were made thus inviting and challenging, provocative rather than provoking, our maturer ideas and

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habits of work would be less dogged, forced and mechanical, more buoyant, vigorous, and creative.

Said the old poet, "I slept and dreamed that life was beauty, I woke and found that life was duty," but he goes on to deny that his dream was a *shadowy life*. It is all in our way of looking at it and taking hold of it, whether duty shall be beautiful or not, and quite within our power to make it either. Charles Kingsley spoke from his own full and active life when he declared that "Happiness consists in having more to do than time to do it in."

Where some would have found harassment, he found happiness, due to the manner and spirit with which he approached and administered his affairs. We should never allow ourselves nor, as far as within our power, those under our direction—children, domestics, employees, assistants, pupils—to be less than the system or order which governs the work in hand. As living, thinking persons we must not be victimized and dragged under by the demands and exigencies of our part in the world's work. We must always be in control of the matter in hand, not let it get the better of us, wear on our nerves, oppress or worry us.

We must come up frequently for air, as it were, renew our bearings, remind ourselves of our relation to our work as that of master not servant, ruler not subject. This may require an effort, but the effort itself is refreshing and stimulating. Much of the irksomeness of the day's routine or of particular tasks and our perfunctory manner of performing them is an outgrowth of indolence, inertia, sluggishness which we fail to guard ourselves against and so fall into unawares.

Nothing need become a grind, no work be drudgery, except as we ourselves permit it to become so. To be monopolized by monotony is unpardonable and shiftless. Better to pay whatever penalty may be entailed and dismiss the uncongenial task abruptly and summarily than to have it get on top of you and drive you. But usually some slight device such as a revision of programme, a variation of method, approaching a task from a new angle, or a bit of recess from the scene of action, even if it has to be made up for later, will bring back the lost elasticity and relieve the stress and strain.

Let us have a shifting about, a rearranging and re-casting that shall put things in a new light and ourselves in a more uplifted frame of mind. Get acquainted with nature and the great outdoors. There is remedy for every case of humdrum, there is also a safeguard and preventive against every case.

Personal

One of the most distinguished graduates of Kingston Business College is Rev. Gore A. Bell, who has just completed the accountancy course and received the diploma issued by the college. What makes the case one of special interest is the fact that recently Mr. Bell celebrated the seventy-first anniversary of his birth.

Mr. Bell spent thirty-five years in the ministry of the Methodist Church, retiring eleven years ago owing to ill-health. Since that time he has been engaged in the capacity of bookkeeper by different firms, and finding himself "rusty," despite the fact that he taught school when a young man, it occurred to him to enter the business college where he did splendid work. He feels "fit" in every way.

THIS has been a wonderful summer in Nova Scotia. The weather has been beautiful, but in nearly every section too dry. We had five months of sunshine, with a few light and local rains, the greatest holiday weather of any season for many years, but with consequent scarcity of water in many places, and shortage of crops. It has been a wonderful summer, too, in the notable events and celebrations that have taken place, some of which are of more than provincial interest.

In Methodist circles there have been several events of considerable interest. A few weeks ago one of the finest churches in maritime Methodism was opened at Sydney, Capé Breton. President Rev. C. E. Crowell, B.A., B.D., is the pastor of that congregation, and his services have been so much appreciated that he has been invited to return for a fifth year. Conference is invited to meet in this new church next June, when, if all is well, we will be able to let our readers know more about it.

In Yarmouth, the burning of Providence Church has resulted in a union of that congregation with the Congregationalists. Rev. R. M. Jost, who for years has been superannuated on account of ill health, but has been preaching frequently for the Congregationalists, was asked to accept the pastorate of the united congregations, and promised assistance as he might require. Bro. Jost has accepted the position for this year.

After the Halifax explosion of December 6th, 1917, the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches of the devastated area determined to unite their forces and work together for the future. Union was effected under the name Kaye-Grove Union Church—thus preserving the names of the two former congregations. Now a magnificent brick and stone edifice has been erected on the site of the old Kaye Street Methodist Church, which is probably the finest Protestant church in the city. The formal opening and dedication of the building took place on Sunday, Sept. 18th. The morning service was conducted by the President of the N. S. Conference, Rev. C. E. Crowell, B.D., and the evening service by Rev. C. W. Gordon, (Ralph Connor.) A new name has been adopted, viz., "United Memorial," and when one takes into consideration the memorial organ, memorial chimes, memorial windows, etc., commemorative of those who perished in the great disaster of 1917, this name seems fitting.

The Berwick Camp Meeting this year celebrated its jubilee, with very successful meetings. There were present a few veterans of the long ago, but the great majority have *passed over*.

Rev. Alfred Rogers, B.D., of Amherst, is in England attending the Ecumenical Conference as the representative of Nova Scotia. Rev. D. W. Johnson, D.D., editor of the *Wesleyan*, is also there as a representative of the General Conference. Rev. Dr. Steel, Supt. of Missions, has also been in England and attended some of the Conference sessions. Rev. H. A. Goodwin has begun his work as Secretary of Evangelism and Social Service for the Maritime Conferences. Rev.

H. B. Strothard, the new Maritime Secretary of Religious Education, has also got started on his programme. The two secretaries are planning to visit several of the districts of this Conference during the next two months, and to assist in formulating plans for aggressive evangelism in the churches and schools.

The Maritime Synod of the Presbyterian Church held its annual meeting in Halifax last week. We understand that Halifax is to be the Mecca of the Synod for all future meetings.

Probably the matter of most interest to your readers is the attitude of Maritime Presbyterianism toward Church Union. There has been wide spread publicity given to the fact of the organization of an association to preserve the Presbyterian Church. As might be expected it originated and thrives mostly in Pictou County, where Presbyterianism had its birth in Canada. It is noteworthy that the opposition to the proposed union centres about two or three prominent families and their friends in Nova Scotia and other parts of Canada. Many of them are members of the same church in New Glasgow, and the minister of that church is the only clergyman, whose name appears prominently in the Association. He is an Irishman, who has been in this country about twelve years; a splendid man, but out of sympathy with this great movement of the Church of God in Canada. His stand on Church Union had considerable influence in getting him his call to the church he serves. The Association is quite aggressive and is determined if possible to compel the General Assembly to submit the question again to the people, before taking any further steps to consummate the Union. A meeting of the Association and its friends was called in Halifax, during the days of the Synod. On Thursday afternoon there was a large attendance at the Synod meeting in anticipation of the debate on the Church Union question. Rev. Robert Johnson, the President of the Association mentioned above, moved the overture, requesting, "the General Assembly, at its next meeting in Winnipeg, to refer once more the question to the people of the Presbyterian Church for their vote." It was proposed to secure if possible the consent of the Synod to have the overture go forward with its support and as its own pronouncement. Dr. Pringle moved an amendment that it be sent forward *simpliciter*, to be dealt with on its own merits. The debate was carried on in a splendid spirit, and the vote in favor of Dr. Pringle's amendment stood 134 to 39. Evidently the great majority of Presbyterians in Nova Scotia are not going to become members of an anti-union Association.

We note in the Home Mission report that the Maritime Presbyterians sent to Toronto for their Home Mission Fund \$42,591, and drew from the Fund for work in these provinces \$47,020. Well, now perhaps we Methodists need not feel so badly when we read in the Year Book that Nova Scotia contributed \$21,877 for missions, and drew \$22,097. But of course there are other things to be considered; but evidently neither Presbyterians nor Methodists of this province are doing very much for the world outside.

There have been several centenary celebrations of various churches throughout the province and more are yet to be held during this year; but we will stop only to remark that our country is still young, and the Church has been doing a splendid work in laying foundations for a great nation with a great destiny. But the Church must keep her place of leadership in morals and religion and the general welfare of our people.

In political circles an event of wide-spread interest was the celebration held in honor of Premier George Murray, who for twenty-five consecutive years has been the leader of the government in Nova Scotia, a record which is said to be unsurpassed in the annals of our Empire. During this long period he has been able to keep this province free from any such scandals as have disgraced other provincial parliaments. The people of Nova Scotia are evidently very generally satisfied with his administration, for at the elections a year ago, his government, after nearly a quarter of a century of continued public service, was returned with a large majority for another five years.

"An event of historical interest to all Canada and all North America, was the celebration held during August at Annapolis Royal, which commemorated, first, the tercentenary of the granting of Nova Scotia by charter to Sir William Alexander in 1621, in the reign of James I; second, "the two-hundredth anniversary of the establishment and sitting (in this fort) A.D. 1721, of the first court administering English Common Law within what is now the Dominion of Canada, the third event was more of local interest, viz., the arrival in that town of Thomas Chandler Haliburton, who lived here eight years and began his great career in law, literature and public life." We have not space to go into details. Your readers will be sorry to learn that this oldest town of Canada was visited a few weeks ago by a disastrous fire that wiped out most of the business section and made thirty families homeless. The fire was set by a young degenerate, twelve years of age, who wanted to see the firemen pour water on it. But the dry weather had so seriously affected the reservoir, that the water system was dry, and where a bucketful of water might have saved the situation at the start, about half a million dollars worth of property was destroyed.

Another historical event was the Acadian Congress held at Grand Pre. This Congress of the descendants of the French Acadians is held every five years. It partakes of a religious, as well as historical, character. There was something fitting in the place of meeting selected. One reporter says: it was the first time the Acadians as a united body had gathered on the tragic spot from which they were expelled in 1755, which event is made famous by Longfellow's "Evangeline."

The C.P.R. now own and control the Dominion Atlantic Railway. With an eye to business they secured the site of the old French village at Grand Pre and have placed therein a statue of Evangeline. The site of the old chapel has been placed at the disposal of the Acadians, and during the Congress this site was consecrated to some holy purpose. Probably in a few years the shrine at Grand Pre may become famous with other holy places of our French Canadian citizens.

"An American cinema actress who married three weeks ago is seeking a separation from her husband. It is not known what caused the delay."

The Sunset Province

GUARDIAN STAFF CORRESPONDENCE

Local Brevities from the Pacific Coast

AN outstanding feature of the summer's activities on the Pacific Coast was the eighth annual Theological Conference. This was held in Tacoma, Washington, and was largely attended by ministers from both sides of the line. The Canadian speakers were Prof. J. M. Shaw, of Halifax, N.S., Presbyterian; Dean Quainton, of Victoria, Rev. W. W. Craig, D.D., of Vancouver, Anglican; and Rev. N. McNaughton, M.A., of New Westminster, Baptist. Rev. G. G. Atkins, D.D., of Detroit, Mich., Rev. H. H. Gowan, D.D., of Seattle, and Rev. J. P. Huget, D.D., of New York, were the principal speakers from the United States. Rev. A. M. Sanford, D.D., of Columbian College, was elected president of the Conference, and Rev. J. R. Robertson, of Vancouver, secretary.

The Ocean Park summer school, held the first week in July, was a pronounced success this year, and larger plans are in view for 1922. The Leadership Training Camp for boys, under the auspices of the Religious Education Council of B.C., was largely attended, as was the Girls' Leadership Camp at Whitecliffe. Young people of the churches have shown themselves willing to spend their holiday week at these camps in order to prepare themselves for greater efficiency and to enjoy the fellowship of camp life.

During the month of June the Woman's Missionary Auxiliary of the Turner Institute, Vancouver, celebrated its thirtieth anniversary. As members of Princess Street Methodist Church, the ladies organized in 1891 and several of the original members were present to help celebrate the anniversary. The minutes of the organization meeting were read by the secretary of that day, and Mrs. J. F. Betts, the first president, was on the programme.

Kerrisdale Methodist Church paid off an old mortgage during the summer and secured enough funds to enlarge the church to nearly double its present capacity.

Many ministers and laymen from B.C. attended the performance of the "Wayfarer," given in the University of Washington stadium at Seattle early in August, and all speak in high terms of praise of the marvellous production.

Columbian College opened for the fall term this month, with a large attendance of students. The capacity of the buildings is taxed to the limit to meet the request for rooms. Miss Mabel B. Winters, who has been connected with the musical department for some years, has undertaken the duties of the lady principal, left vacant by the death of Miss Alcorn.

The members and friends of Mountain View Church, Vancouver, visited the parsonage in June, on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the wedding of Rev. John and Mrs. Robson and presented them with an address and suitable gift.

Mount Pleasant Methodist Church, under the leadership of Rev. O. M. Sanford, the pastor, reported a very successful year at its annual meeting, and has prepared plans for further aggressive work this winter.

Miss Baglole, deaconess; Miss M.E. Hunter and Miss Pearl Pearson, new

workers at the Turner Institute, have entered upon their duties and are finding eagerness on the part of the "strangers within our gates" to take part in the clubs and classes provided for them.

Rev. J. H. Wright, president of Conference, is in great demand among the churches and has already paid visits to many fields desiring his services. He is taking part in a series of meetings held throughout the Kamloops district during the two weeks following Rally day.

Among the visitors to the Coast this summer were Rev. Dr. MacLean, Rev. Hugh Nixon, Rev. W. L. Armstrong, D.D., Rev. W. E. MacNiven, and Rev. Harry Colcough. Pastors on holidays were glad to have the services of these brethren and many Vancouver and Victoria pulpits were supplied by them from time to time.

Grace Methodist Church, Vancouver, has decided upon self-support, after ten years on the mission fund. This step has been taken after serious consideration by both the board and the congregation, and the report was received with joy by the financial district meeting. Rev. G. H. Hamilton is the pastor of Grace Church.

Another mission on the Vancouver East district to declare for self-support was Maple Ridge. This field was part of the New Westminster mission when the pioneers were in charge in the sixties, and in 1877 received its first mission grant as the Maple Ridge mission. Thus for over forty years the mission received help in varying amounts, so that there was a special cause for rejoicing when the Board declared for self-support this year. Rev. W. R. Welch is the pastor and is entering upon his second year of successful work.

The district meetings, held throughout B.C. during July and August, unanimously accepted the full quota that was suggested by the missionary committee of the Annual Conference; in some cases the amounts accepted exceeded that set by the committee. This will give B.C. \$41,450 as its objective, instead of \$32,000 raised last year. In every district the plans for missionary campaigns were received with enthusiasm.

The last district to meet was that of Hazelton, the smallest, numerically, in the Conference. The meeting was held at Telkwa, in the new church. Rev. Dr. White, superintendent of missions, was present. Rev. Wm. Deans, the pastor, welcomed the district, and addresses were given by Rev. Jas. Evans, on "Vision," and by Dr. White. The claims of the various funds were cheerfully accepted, the objective for missions being set at \$500.

Rally day services were very largely attended, and the fall work opened under splendid auspices. Plans have been made by the two Vancouver districts for evangelistic services to be held in several of the churches; it is expected that there will be a revival campaign going on in one, or a group, of the Methodist churches from October to March or April.

There was a large attendance of Methodist ministers, their wives, and others connected with parsonage life, and Methodist workers in the various missions in Greater Vancouver, at the annual supper given under the auspi-

ces of the Methodist Ministerial association and the Methodist ministers' wives and fellow workers' union of Greater Vancouver. The gathering was held in the Turner Institute; sixty sat down to supper, and the new officers were introduced at the informal meeting following the supper. Rev. W. S. A. Crux, president, Rev. Thos. Keyworth, secretary, are the officers of the ministerial; Mrs. T. H. Wright, president, and Mrs. A. E. Green are the officers of the Union. A feature of the gathering was the presence of Rev. J. C. Elliott, noted health lecturer, and Mrs. Elliott.

A. E. R.

Conference for Limitation of Armament

A Call to Prayer

To the Members and Adherents of the Methodist Church in Canada:

Dear Friends:—Beginning on November the eleventh, at the invitation of the President of the United States, a Conference on the Limitation of Armament will be held in Washington, D.C., in which every Methodist and every Christian in the world is interested.

The scars of the recent war are still upon us in Canada; we stagger under the heavy taxation it has imposed; our homes are dark with shadows deep as midnight which it has thrown across our thresholds; its grim spectre stalks everywhere in our nation's life; and our civilization is racked with pain and refuses to be comforted. Moreover, the horrid possibility of renewed conflict cannot be put away from our thought while nations are preparing munitions of war and further cultivating the spirit of militarism.

Notwithstanding the deluge of sorrow which overflowed the world, desolating Christian civilization, it is evident that war cannot be kept away but by the power of the Prince of Peace pervading the deliberations of the rulers of men.

I, therefore, urgently request all the people of the Methodist Church in Canada to lift up hands and hearts to God in earnest supplication that the world may be prepared in spirit for this unique Conference, and that all the representatives of the nations who shall be assembled for the purpose of promoting it may be lifted up into a spiritual atmosphere, and in all their deliberations be controlled by the sentiment of Christian Brotherhood. Especially let us pray that the great men who represent us in this heavy responsibility may be so guided themselves as to be torch-bearers to the nations, leading into the way of perfect peace.

In addition to personal supplication I would call upon the Church at large to signalize Sunday, November 6th, as a day of special prayer in all our congregations on behalf of this great Conference.

Your obedient servant,

S. D. CHOWN,
General Superintendent.

London Conference

Belmont; H. B. Parnaby, pastor—After a period of six weeks, during which our Belmont Church was closed for renovation and installing of electric lights, re-opening services were held on Sunday, Sept. 25th, and were of record breaking character. Not only were the congregations such as to inspire one; but the financial offerings were gratifying in the extreme. Some \$900.00 had been incurred as expenses and to meet this the trustees had previously received from the Ladies' Aid and Epworth League the sum of

\$200.00, leaving a balance of \$700.00 to be raised. The pastor proposed that it be raised by thank-offering on the re-opening day. Such an audacious request, in view of the crop situation, which is the worst in years, as well as the money stringency, was perfectly ridiculous and it was openly stated that the pastor was crazy. The Rev. R. J. McCormick, M.A., of London, was the special preacher and his inspiring messages delighted our people. Various calculations had been made, previous to the re-opening day, as to the amount we should receive. Some said: "If we got \$300.00 we could think ourselves lucky." Others said: "We should not get half the amount." The response at the morning service shattered the doubts of even the most pessimistic, the sum of \$499.50 being placed upon the plates. When the day ended and it was found that not only had we raised the \$700.00, but actually exceeded it, our people were filled with thankfulness and now they wear "the smile that won't come off." Next!

The Pebble

"I will give him a white stone."

By GRANT BALFOUR.

We sat beside an inland sea,
And found a pebble rare,
Which shewed a ship with slanting mast
Depicted plainly there.
I asked my little grandchild sweet
To say what it might be—
She gave an answer quick and true,
My little thing of three.

I put the pebble safely past,
It meant so much to me—
A tale of ages spanning back
Far o'er a timeless sea.
There was a day, a real day,
When nature built our boat—
A pigmy part of some great rock
Of geologic thought.

Where was that rock, and who was there
When monsters roamed around?
Did Neptune's demons make this earth
Their royal hunting ground?
Nay, higher, let it rather be
The way of their abode—
That willing angels came to guide
The fearful works of God.

Red earthquakes mineral graveyards made
And lava rivers ran;
Successive forests rose and fell
To make black coal for man.
A thousand thousand later years,
Of tedious, snail-like pace,
And God's most mystic process foreshadowed
The father of our race.

'Tis long ago, my little one,
I do not know how long,
When he our far-off head began
The world's unnumbered throng.
That throng, the major part by far,
Like smoke has passed away,
And now the living—all, likewise,
Are rounded by a day.

Cast from the loom of lavish life
By an ever busy hand,
We two have lived, and now we play
Upon this silver strand.
Come near to me, my tender one,
My blessing ever court;
'Tis good for me and good for thee—
Ah, fellowship is short.

And time is long, to-morrow comes
And countless morrows more,
In ages vast that come as sure
As ages gone before.
Where shall we be in that far day—
Where, darling, shall we stand?
Ah, can we meet again and play
Upon this silver strand?

Hope, hope, my sore bewildered soul,
There is a pebble rare,
A pebble white, of name unknown;
But life is written there.

Why Men and Women NEED PELMANISM

By Sir William Robertson Nicoll, M.A., LL.D.

IN the files of the Pelman Institute there are some 3,000,000 inquiries from men and women the world over who have been anxious to receive information regarding the Pelman system of Mind and Memory Training.

From these letters there are apparently certain questions common to every enquirer—questions that seem to come up naturally and instantly in the mind of every man and woman upon reading a Pelman announcement or when hearing a tribute to Pelmanism from the lips of a graduate.

Every Canadian who is really trying to make a success of his life will be interested in these questions: What is Pelmanism? What are its actual results? What are its aims and objects? Are its methods scientifically correct? Will it increase one's earning power?

And in seeking to answer them we naturally turned to the field where Pelmanism has been longest in operation, and where its worth has been most fully proved. It is the British field we refer to. And there, perhaps, no name is better known than that of Sir William Robertson Nicoll.

In reading his report of the achievements of the course in England, we find that he goes a long way to answer these questions that are likely being asked here in the Dominion.

For instance he says: "I am frequently receiving inquiries about Pelmanism, and in view of the growing public interest in this movement, I have decided to set down briefly the conclusions I have arrived at from a careful weighing of the evidence, both internal and external. In the public interest, it is obviously important to know whether the far reaching claims made on behalf of Pelmanism are, or are not, justified. If true, then the movement presents boundless possibilities in the direction of progress, both for the individual and for the nation. And I may as well say at once that the available evidence disposes me strongly to this view.

The Right Attitude

"That Pelmanism should have been received at first with a certain amount of scepticism is, on the whole, natural and understandable. Great innovations call for an attitude of cautious reserve; one does not like to risk being stampeded into action. It is more than disappointing to find that one has been caught in the swirl of a passing craze.

The Test of Time and Achievements

"Sufficient time has, however, elapsed to furnish us with trustworthy data to arrive at a proper estimate of the worth of Pelmanism. Its case no longer rests merely upon the assertions of its founders; it stands upon the more substantial ground of things done. It is the accomplished results which must in the end be the criterion of value. Theory is one thing; practical attainment is another. *Pelmanism is vindicated handsomely, in my view, by the astonishing record of its performances.*

Unsolicited Praise

"And these performances are recorded, not in the Pelman Institute itself, but by those who have taken a Pelman Course, and have applied its principles to their own personal needs. Moreover, much of this evidence is incidental, i.e., it is not addressed to



Sir William Robertson Nicoll, M.A., LL.D.
Editor, *The British Weekly* and perhaps the greatest spiritual force in Great Britain to-day.

the Pelman Institute, but is communicated independently of the Institute."

Aims and Objects

"The system has broadened its channels. The Institute has gathered the fruit of experience. Pelmanism no longer confines its efforts to the training of one faculty of the human mind; it aims at the scientific development and strengthening of all our mental powers—what we call psycho-synthesis."

Scientifically Correct

"Development and increase by discipline and exercise may be taken as the foundation-principle of Pelmanism. Psychologists are agreed that the principle is thoroughly sound and scientific; results show that it is inherently practical and fruitful. Common sense also agrees that the principle is essentially right, for we know that upon regular use or exercise depends the efficiency of every organ, limb and muscle of our bodies. Strength is promoted by activity; disuse results in atrophy. The brain—the organ of the mind—does not escape this general law. Mental weakness and inefficiency are the consequences of a lack of due mental exercise."

So after nearly a quarter of a century of marvellous success in Britain, Pelmanism has so wrought itself into the thought and life of the people that there is no doubting the benefits that follow in its wake.

After its striking success and wonderful achievements in Britain it was inevitable that Pelmanism should come to Canada. It is now here offering to Canadians the same benefits which the British people have enjoyed for twenty-five years.

And it is now firmly established here. Thousands of Canadians whose letters we have examined bear out this statement beyond a shadow of a doubt.

Sir Hugh John Macdonald

When Sir Hugh John Macdonald—a member of Canada's most illustrious families, and a prominent jurist

whose name is known from coast to coast—will write and say:

"I send you herewith my answers to the questions asked in lesson 12. And now as I have finished the Course, I wish to tell you how much pleased and how thoroughly satisfied I am with it and with the results it has produced. Of course, at my age I could not and did not expect the benefits that a younger man or even a man in middle life might fairly look for, and I should not have been surprised had I found little or nothing in the Course of advantage to a septuagenarian like myself. But I can truthfully say that I have been both surprised and pleased with what I have learned from it, which far more than repays me for the time I have devoted to its study. And I am confident that any younger man who takes it up and faithfully follows its teaching, will not only never regret having done so, but will gain immensely in many ways, and will find many stumbling blocks which appear almost insurmountable removed.

My power of observation has been immensely increased and my memory for faces and names greatly improved, while it would be hard to over-estimate the benefit I have derived from your teaching. With many thanks for the attention you have given me and extreme courtesy with which you have treated me."

We could go on and on in delving for the plain facts surrounding Pelmanism. But this is needless. The evidence is overwhelming. Pelmanism will do what it is intended to do—to take a person far in his efforts to achieve prosperity no matter in what terms he may measure it.

Yet the complete Pelman Course is not expensive. You will be surprised and pleased at the moderate fee for enrolment and the liberal instalment terms that are offered. But the price of Pelmanism will always be kept down—for the Institute conscientiously feels that it is its duty to ask the lowest possible fee in order that as many men and women as possible may take advantage of the opportunities offered by the Course.

The New Course

The Climax of a Quarter of a Century's Development

The Pelman Institute announces the New Course as now being available for all.

The New Pelman Course which is now being hailed everywhere as the greatest development of the age, is built upon the experience of twenty-five years' contact with the students from all parts of the world. It is the product of the leading psychologists of the day, and it proves a better training than anything that has ever been presented before the public.

It has incorporated in its system the latest discoveries in Psychology, and now deals amongst other matters with Repression and Expression.

In the opinion of that well-known English Journal, *Truth*, which, after thoroughly investigating the New Course decided to, and did publish the fact that, in its opinion the New Course represents a one hundred per cent. advance of the former Course.

The New Pelmanism is here. It is being offered at a special introductory fee and on terms if desired. It is fully explained in "*Mind and Memory*," the booklet that more than 3,000,000 people have asked for. "*Mind and Memory*" is free, and will be sent to anyone upon the receipt of the coupon below. No obligation will be involved and no one is ever pressed to enrol. If you have not seen a copy of "*Mind and Memory*," you should get a copy.

How To Become A Pelmanist

In its pages will be found the comment and experience of men and women of every trade, profession and calling, telling how Pelmanism works—the observations of scientists with respect to such vital questions as age, sex and circumstances in their bearing on success—"stories from the life," and brilliant little essays on personality, opportunity, etc.—all drawn from facts.

Your copy is ready for you. Immediately upon receipt of your request it will be mailed to you absolutely free of charge and free of obligation. Send for *Mind and Memory* now. Don't put off. Fill in the coupon at once and mail.

The booklet *Mind and Memory*, is free. Use the coupon below or post-card and send for it NOW, or call personally, to the PELMAN INSTITUTE, Canadian Branch, Suite 742, Temple Building, Toronto, Canada.

THE PELMAN INSTITUTE

Suite 742, Canadian Branch,
Temple Building, Toronto, Can.

Please send me, without obligation on my part, your free booklet, "*Mind and Memory*," describing Pelmanism.

Mr., Mrs. or Miss.....

Street or R. R.

Town or City.....

(All correspondence strictly confidential)

In the Land of the Anzac

An Interesting Letter from Australia

By Fred C. Middleton

Australia and the Japanese Treaty

AUSTRALIANS are by no means in full accord with the action of their Prime Minister (Mr. Hughes) in his support at the Empire Conference of the Anglo-Japanese treaty. They feel that its adoption would seriously endanger the White Australia policy, which aims to keep out the Asiatics, and which is regarded as vital by the people generally without regard to their political affiliation.

That Japan is determined to safeguard the interests of the Japanese who are at present in Australia, and that she is anxious to send more of her people here, is proved by an incident that happened in Northern Queensland during the war. I received the facts from Mr. R. J. C. Butler, ex-M.L.A., of the Labor Government of that State; he vouches for the accuracy of the statement. For years organized white labor has objected to working alongside the yellow man; it always causes friction. On the occasion referred to, the white laborers on a certain sugar plantation struck rather than submit to the presence of the men from the "Flowery Kingdom." In a remarkably short time the strike was called off and the strikers returned to work, while "all the (labor) world wondered" why this capitulation?—Simple enough. The Japanese imperial authorities sent word to the Commonwealth Government to call off the strike, or they would land sufficient troops to "safeguard the interests of Japanese residents!" Japan, as one of Britain's allies in the Great War, was at the time conveying Australian troops to the front, and refused to tolerate any such action as that indicated by the strike. Australians naturally are asking—if Japan took such action during the war, what will she demand if the treaty is renewed? It is this situation which makes so necessary a strong immigration policy that will bring in a few million white people, as suggested in my letter of last month. Five and a half million people cannot hope to hold indefinitely a continent with an area of three million square miles.

A Co-operative Commonwealth

Australia is moving, slowly but surely towards the realization of her dream of a co-operative commonwealth. It looks, too, as if this will be accomplished without the destruction of the capitalistic system. The "bloated capitalist" may go, but a modification of his system will likely remain.

There are two main avenues through which the dream is coming true. First—through straight-out co-operative ownership. In constantly increasing numbers, firms are giving their employees a part in the management of the concern, and by bonus, shares, or division of profits, allowing them to share more equitably the rewards of industry. In other instances, through co-operative organizations, the worker is manufacturing, distributing, and selling his own goods. There are over one hundred co-operative societies now operating throughout the Commonwealth. These societies work on the famous and historical "Rochdale" basis, and in many cases have extended

their operations to production and manufacture, in addition to wholesale and retail buying and selling. One of these stores, by the way, boasts of fourteen thousand members, and has twelve branches throughout Sidney and its suburbs.

Side by side with co-operative ownership as described, there is the second avenue, viz., state ownership. Railways, tramways, telegraph and telephone have for years been run by the State; but recently state ownership is being extended to other industries. The Commonwealth, for instance, has its line of passenger and freight steamships of considerable size. Then the individual States have such industries as butcheries, bakeries, pipeworks, brickworks, fish-shops, drug-stores, metal-quarries, and so on. As far as New South Wales is concerned all these latter industries are being run at a profit, and incidentally help to keep prices down.

Just how much further these two avenues can be widened, just how far it will be possible through them to realize the dream of the co-operative commonwealth remains to be seen.

Already, however, they have resulted in labor securing some of the satisfaction, and accepting some of the responsibility of joint ownership; they have also made possible a more equitable distribution of the rewards of toil. And these two facts have in turn resulted in taking the keen edge off the desire for a social revolution that would destroy root and branch of the present system.

The Control of The Profiteer

While on the hustings the New South Wales Labor-party promised to deal drastically with the profiteer if they were given the reins of government, and during the two years they have been in power they have been out hot-foot after the gentlemen in question. But they have not had any noticeable success in the hunt; a few have been captured it is true, but they have been mostly small fry—the corner grocer punished for getting an extra penny on a can of fish, or a pound of cheese. The big fellows, somehow, seem to escape, even from a labor government. Just how far can governments go in price control anyhow? An interesting answer to this question has been given in a recent judgment handed down in the Profiteering Prevention Court of New South Wales. It was to the effect that, "charging a high price to one customer in order to even up the loss incurred by selling the same commodity to another customer at a low price was fair business, and permitted by the Anti-profiteering Act."

A local scribe makes the following comment:—"This judgment may be cold comfort for the man at whose expense the average was struck, but, so far as it goes, it is common sense.

"For in no other way would the continuance of business be possible. But if a shopkeeper may so average in one commodity, why not in his whole stock? And why not be allowed, if he can, to make a profit one year that will offset loss in another? The principle is exactly the same. Take the case of a farmer who sends his perishable products in for sale and happens to strike a glutted market. The buyer

is permitted to profiteer at his expense as much as he can, and often compels him to sell his commodity at a ruinous loss, which spells the buyer's proportionate gain. Where would be the unfairness of allowing the victim to recoup himself when the tables turned? If an Anti-profiteering Court compels the owner of a commodity to sell at what it chooses to call a fair price, it ought to compel the person who wants it to buy at not less than that figure. That is, guarantee that he will get the price which it pronounces fair. But it only looks after one party in the transaction, compelling the other to look after himself, and yet not allowing him a free hand. That can only end in one way."

Australian Railways

Visitors from America find much to interest, and sometimes to aggravate them when travelling on Australian railroads. For instance, in a trip across the continent, from Brisbane to Fremantle, a passenger must travel over lines of three different gauges (3 ft. 6 in. in Queensland, 4 ft. 8½ in. in New South Wales, 5 ft. 3 in. in Victoria and South Australia, and 4 ft. 8½ in. again in Western Australia.) The distance is approximately three-thousand five-hundred miles; you change trains five times, and take five and a half days to do the trip. It should be stated that a commission appointed by the Federal Government is now investigating the break-of-gauge problem, and will likely recommend a uniform gauge of 4 ft. 8½ in. It will be some years yet, however, before the States concerned will be financially able to alter their systems.

Weather conditions here do not demand steam heated cars, but still it gets a little chilly in winter time, and so for a few months (June-August) the railways supply hot-water footwarmers in lieu of steam pipes. They keep the pedal extremities fairly comfortable, and with a rug for the knees the traveller manages pretty well. Indeed, he is more comfortable than is sometimes the case in the overheated cars on the Canadian Railways.

Australian Railways use very few dining cars, even on long-distance trains. They prefer to stop at a wayside station for twenty minutes, and allow the passengers to satisfy the cravings of the inner man at the refreshment-room on the station platform. The meals served at these places are usually first-class, as are those that are provided on the dining car, when they have one. And they have this redeeming feature—they are provided at a fixed rate of 60c. per meal, with fresh fruit thrown in for good measure.

The average State Railway here is run at a loss, but this cannot be because of lack of passenger traffic. Very often both on suburban and long-distance trains passengers have to stand. To make sure of a seat on the latter you have to reserve it. For one shilling over the cost of your ticket you can be assured of a seat, otherwise you have to take the risk of having to stand.

Protesting Protestants

Disappointment is general among Protestants over the verdict of the jury in the famous Ligouri case. As mentioned in my last letter, Sister Ligouri, an escaped nun, sued Bishop Dwyer for £5,000 damages on account of her arrest on a charge of lunacy, following on information laid by the defendant, whom she alleged had acted maliciously and without cause. In presenting the case to the jury the judge said they had to answer the following questions

—1. Did the defendant take reasonable care to inform himself as to the true facts of the case? 2. Did he honestly believe the case which he laid before the magistrate? 3. Was he actuated by malice? The decision of the jury was that the Bishop did not take reasonable care, that he did not honestly believe the statement contained in his complaint, and yet that he was not actuated by malice. On receiving these answers the judge directed the jury to find for the defendant—much to the disappointment, not to say disgust, of the Protestant community. Naturally, there was great rejoicing in the Catholic camp, and at a subsequent Town Hall meeting the victorious Bishop was given an ovation by his co-religionists, who started a subscription list to help him pay his legal expenses. The sum subscribed to date amounts to about £1,500.

About the time of that same gathering a Congregational minister who had taken a prominent part in the case, and had sheltered the nun in his home, was mobbed at a public meeting, knocked unconscious by Catholic rowdies, and would have met a worse fate had not the police arrived and kept the crowd at bay with drawn revolvers. This is but another indication of how "tolerant" Rome would be if she had the power. No wonder Protestants protest.

Encouraged possibly by their success in the Ligouri case, Catholic prelates are again declaiming against the "Godless public schools." But this time it is because "Pagan hymns and heathen prayers" are taught in some instances. Archbishop Kelly, speaking at the laying of the foundation stone of St. Michael's Parochial School, Hurstville, urged his hearers to "stop this introduction of non-Catholic prayers into the State Schools." The Minister of Education, in reply, pleaded ignorance of any such prayers, but Protestants are asking why if such religious exercises are in use they should be called "Pagan and heathen?" when their only fault appears to be that they are non-Catholic.

Speaking of religious instruction in State schools, it stands to the credit of the Protestant ministry that they take so seriously their opportunity of an hour once a week for this purpose. Talking with a Methodist minister a couple of weeks ago, I was told that he regularly visited seven schools, reaching five hundred each week. In addition to talks on Bible themes, he gave missionary and temperance instruction to his classes. But fancy seven schools to visit every week! In some schools the older scholars study a special text-book approved by their denomination, taking it in turns to "lead the meeting."

Church Union

The recent action of the Presbyterian Church in Canada regarding union, will help hasten the day of a similar union in Australia. Already the three denominations are co-operating in the training of men for the ministry, while the standing committee on union is right on the job. August 25th has been fixed by the executive of the joint committees as the final date on which further amendments to the basis of doctrine and polity can be received. Such amendments must obtain the sanction of the denominational committees on union in each State, before being sent on to the Rev. Dr. Adam, the chairman of the joint committee, in Melbourne. A full meeting of the joint committee will be held in Melbourne about September 20th, to complete the basis so far as

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doctrine and polity are concerned. In New South Wales special committees have been appointed by the council of co-operation to ascertain to what extent it may be possible to co-operate in home mission and church extension work, young-people's departments, and secondary education. The council will meet shortly to consider the reports of these committees, and to formulate its proposals to the denominational administrative departments of church work in the spheres concerned.

In the matter of the larger union of all Protestant denominations, the Lambeth Conference resolutions are being seriously discussed. The Anglican churches seem decidedly open to conviction. Frequent pulpit exchanges are being made. I myself preached in an Anglican church a few weeks ago, and I see that about the same time, during an interchange of pulpits in Nelson, New Zealand, a Church of England Bishop preached in a Presbyterian church. On July 15th Rev. G. A. Chambers, M.A., speaking at the Chapter House, Sydney, referred in the following terms to the attitude which members of his communion ought to take in the matter of union—"Penitence and prayer must be the part of those belonging to the Church of England in approaching the question. It should not be approached with a sense of injured innocence, as though the Church of England had always been in the right. The position would be appreciated only when it was realized that disunion was a sin. Each communion would bring its own distinctive gifts to the United Church. To a great extent the causes of separation had been historical, and most of those causes had long since disappeared. They must not expect the whole of the Church to be anglicised or framed on the plan of the Church of England. Non-liturgical worship would exist side by side with liturgical worship, always allowing for a minimum common formula for the administration of the sacraments. There should be no feeling of conscious superiority on the part of any body of Christians, least of all on the part of the Church of England. The Episcopate was claimed as the best instrument for maintaining the unity and continuity of the Church. The democratic method of the selection of bishops in Australia by each diocesan synod should prove no stumbling-block to non-episcopal churches. All were called upon to make sacrifices for a common fellowship, a common ministry, and a common service to the world. Prayer was needed by the Church that the bishops might be guided to act with courage, and that the general synod might give the movement greater impetus by its resolutions and support. The gift was ready. It only waited for the repentance, it might be the self-humiliation, of each section of Christendom."

321 Pitt St., Sydney, July 30th.

In the cook's absence the young mistress of the house undertook, with the help of an inexperienced waitress, to get the Sunday luncheon. The flurried maid, who had been struggling in the kitchen with a coffee-machine which refused to work, confessed that she had forgotten to wash the lettuce. "Well, never mind, Marie," said the considerate mistress. "Go on with the coffee and I'll do it. Where do you keep the soap?"—Harper's.

He—Can you give me no hope?

She—None whatever; I'm going to marry you.

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The Singer-Evangelist's Attitude towards the Gospel Song

What Rodeheaver Says:

FEW GUARDIAN readers will need to be told that Homer Rodeheaver has under his direction the musical part of the Billy Sunday revival services. Rodeheaver is forty years of age, was born in Ohio and at the age of four migrated to the mountains of Tennessee where his father was engaged in the lumber business.

His mother died when he was eight years of age and the lad from that time on was mainly cared for by an elder brother who managed on very scanty means to secure for the lad a college education.

Homer's ability as a leader and organizer was apparent at a very tender age. He was exceedingly fond of athletics and enjoyed hugely the work of leading in college songs and organizing school musicales. There was a college band and upon a never-to-be-forgotten day Homer came to his brother with the information that a second-hand slide trombone could be had for as little as seven dollars. Brother Joe was equal to the occasion and the lad was in raptures. In just three weeks' time the lad was handling the band's most difficult trombone parts with ease.

Space would not permit our following up the career of this young genius. He served in the Spanish-American war, studied law at its close and finally linked up with Evangelist Biederwolf, with whom he remained for five years.

It was in 1909 that he joined forces with Billy Sunday and has led millions in the great services of praise for which the Billy Sunday services have become so well known. It may be of interest to our readers to note that whereas in the opening year of the Sunday-Rodeheaver campaign the audiences averaged five thousand people, they now vary from twelve thousand to twenty thousand people.

Homer Rodeheaver uses his trombone still, so much so that it seems almost a part of the man. He leads his audiences with telling effect by means of the instrument.

Rodeheaver can sing—in fact his fine baritone voice has made for him a place among those whose voices have been immortalized by the phonograph.

This man, who has perhaps led more people in song than any other living person, has some ideas as to the function of the gospel song which may prove of interest to the readers of the music page. "A great many people make a mistake in establishing the worth of gospel songs. A song for use in gospel meetings is not always a gem of classical music, and, if it were, it would, perhaps, not do the work for which it was designed. This may seem unreasonable, but the basis for statement is grounded on the experience, not only of gospel workers, but of musicians.

"No song or piece of music which has had the human quality of touch-

ing hearts was ever perfect from the musician's standpoint.

"Perfection in any art means that those who appreciate the finished product must be able to understand the finest technical beauties, rather than the more simple soul qualities. Therefore those songs which have stirred human hearts and souls the most have always been the simpler melodies which a child can learn and feel. So in judging a song which does not happen to meet your personal standard of requirements, please remember that there are other folks with other standards and that, while you may be drawn to a song because of its perfect technical construction and dignity, the great mass of us are not highly educated musically and must be appealed to from angles we can understand. The number and variety of the stories of temptation overcome through the message of our songs, would astonish those who have not had an opportunity for work for the Kingdom.

"It is the practical, everyday things of life with which we are mostly concerned, the wise and the unlearned, and so the wonderfully practical, helpful messages in many of our gospel songs reach right down to the needs of everybody. Unless you have studied the psychology of this appeal, as we have done through years of work, you will not understand this fact readily."

You will see that Mr. Rodeheaver praises the gospel song for its utilitarian aspect solely. It would be a dangerous matter to suggest the excision of such of them as had helped in times of need, but we cannot but feel that many of the so-called "Gospel" songs might better not have been written. We should strive to find rhythmic items that still retain dignity of verse and music. They are to be had a-plenty.

The Accented Note

On a former Sunday night our three hymns were in three-two time. The choir, on that particular evening, were not quite "on their toes," as the vernacular hath it, so our hymn singing might have been improved upon. Now three-two, or any other kind of time requires discrimination to be interpreted properly. The trouble with this particular brand of tempo is the infrequency of accent as compared with four-two or two-two, the other kinds mostly in use in the hymn book. In three-two time, there is only one stressed note in three, unless your choir foolishly make three stressed notes to the bar, which is inexcusable. Now to the poor wight who has gone thus far in this article and fancies himself stepping into a mass of technicalities, I would say, keep right on reading. You'll get the point and I'm hopeful will develop into a wiser and more helpful singer as a result.

We've all, attended the church where the music went slowly and clumsily. Now as a matter of fact the time may have been too slowly taken, but it's safe to wager that that choir and congregation would slow any musical number if the interpretation were left to their own sweet wills. Non-accented, or (which is the same thing) all-accented note singing becomes a fatiguing job. Take such a well-known hymn as "Onward, Christian Soldiers" and examine the first bar of the music. It is 381 in our hymn book, and is written in four-two time, beats number one and three being accented. Take the first bar; this contains two words of two syllables each, "On-ward Christian." Now pronounce the words. The first syllable in each word naturally carries the accent and these coincide with the first and third beats (the accented ones) in the measure. How utterly wooden and senseless, then, the singing of all four syllables alike, as is so often done.

Now it is the duty of any organist and choir to pick up the stressed syllables and get the audience into the habit. The syllable "On" is really held a bit longer and sung about fifty per cent more loudly than the syllable "ward." Get the singers to realize this and they will experience much less fatigue in their hymn-singing. "Why?" you ask. Because fifty per cent of the notes are sung loudly instead of the former one hundred per cent, my brother! Not alone is this stressing an easier matter from the viewpoint of fatigue, but the singing "swings" along rhythmically—an ever desirable result. Mere loudness usually borders on vulgarity. Rhythmic hymn-singing appeals to the heart and brain of the singer, though he may be unconscious of the "why."

Many an otherwise good practice I've seen spoiled by the conductor's not insisting on the proper use of the accented note. One hour's singing in this manner of anthems that are to be sung anything like "full," will pretty nearly end in utter fatigue for all hands concerned.

Let us for a moment consider hymn 222, "When this Song of Praise shall cease." Does the wise leader permit the note "g" of the first bar to endure exactly half as long as the note "t"? Not by any means. The beat for "g" is shortened decidedly if we want our hymn to "march" with any precision, and avoid monotony at all. The composer of a hymn tune usually sees to it that the strong beat comes on the strongest syllable or word of a group or pair. The person who continually flies in the face of the composer's evident instructions, and sings the "ifs," "ats," "frons," and the rest of the family of prepositions and conjunctions, with the same stress as he uses on the more important words and syllables, is simply "pounding sand" and vocally speaking, the truth is not in him.

The strong beat which is number one in three-two time, may be approached mentally in two ways. It may be sung more loudly (that is, the thought may be directed to itself), emphasizing the first count more than numbers two and three, or the minimizing of counts two and three may be

the goal sought. I incline to the latter method, hair-splitting though the decision may appear. Of course there's always the danger of monotony from frequent repetition of even this quite correct interpretation, but means for the avoidance of this will develop as the piece progresses.

The chief thing to remember then, is: do not sing equally loud, nor dwell equally long, upon all notes throughout a piece of music, even though these be points that look exactly alike.

The bar sign will be an unfailing guide, (except in very rare cases,) as all other notes in the measure are subordinate to the one which immediately follows the bar.



Mr. Black's Bible-Class

A Wonderful Journey

IN our lesson of last week we left Paul at Ephesus, writing that wonderful letter to the Church at Corinth that must have been as full of blessing and helpfulness to them as it has been to the Christian Church from that day to this. In today's lesson we see him saying goodbye to the little company of Christians in Ephesus, who had learned to love him with a great affection, and making his somewhat devious way up to Jerusalem, the whole journey being marked by tearful and touching farewells to groups of Christians many of whom owed their knowledge of the Gospel to his faithfulness and earnest zeal.

It was a truly wonderful journey, wonderful in many ways and for many reasons, and it is very well worth our while to try to think ourselves back into it and try to appreciate the spirit and atmosphere of the story as it is told to us. It is specially satisfactory to note that the story occurs in one of the "we sections" of the Book of Acts, showing that Luke, the writer of the book, was with the little company as it journeyed and told most of his story from first hand knowledge.

This journey is specially interesting because it reveals to us an aspect of Paul's character that we might have overlooked had we not had this story. His life had shown so much of stern determination and unrelenting will that we might have missed altogether the fact of his gentleness and sympathy and capacity for friendship had it not been for these passages that we have for our study to-day. Though Paul was the uncompromising preacher of righteousness and the unconquered missionary enthusiast he was also the kindly Christian gentleman whom men and women who were thrown into his intimate company could not help but love, and about whom even little children flocked to say good bye. These farewell scenes that Luke describes so graphically because he looked upon them with his own eyes and felt the stir of them in his own heart, let us into the secret of much of the success that the great Apostle was able to achieve. He was able to call out, not only the esteem but as well the abiding love and affection of men, and that was one of the great reasons why he was able to win them to his great Master's service. And it is still true that love finds a way and that nothing else does.

The story of this great journey shows us too, something of the price in love and devotion that Paul had to pay in order to succeed in his great undertaking to win the people to his Lord. It is truly pathetic to note how his heart goes out to the men and women

International Sunday School Lesson for October 23—"Paul's Last Journey to Jerusalem," Acts 21:1-17. Golden Text—Galatians 6:9. Home Readings Monday, Oct. 17, Acts 20:1-12, Starting for Jerusalem. Tuesday, Oct. 18, Acts 20:13-27, Interview at Miletus. Wednesday, Oct. 19, Acts 20:28-38, An Affectionate Parting. Thursday, Oct. 20, Acts 21:1-17, Paul's Last Journey to Jerusalem. Friday, Oct. 21, Rom. 16:1-16, Paul's Greetings. Saturday, Oct. 22, Psalms 133, 134, Brotherly Love. Sunday, Oct. 23, John 15:1-14, Abiding in Christ.

whom he had helped to bring into the Kingdom and for whose full salvation he yearned with a great affection. Tired and worn out though he must have been, we see how at every place he touched he couldn't rest until he had searched out the little band of Christians to be found there and gave them comfort and counsel and strengthening. He knew there were anxious and troubled days ahead of him in Jerusalem and yet he didn't prepare himself for them by rest, but pushed them out of thought by giving himself up to the service of others. At Troas he finished a week's evangelistic labors by talking through the night with his disciples, at Miletus he sent for the Elders of Ephesus and had long converse with them, while at Tyre he sought out the disciples, and spent seven days in counselling and inspiring them. Truly work such as Paul accomplished cannot be done unless a man gives up his very soul to it.

The story of this great journey shows us how men can find a great joy and satisfaction and delight in service for others. Even at the longest reckoning Paul was within ten years of the end, and probably was several years nearer to it than that. It is evident that he had a sense of impending trouble and suffering upon him. And yet he evidently hadn't the least thought of turning back or giving up his undertaking, but went forward with eagerness and a great joy in his heart. And though his friends attacked him with a great storm of love, the hardest of all things to withstand, he set himself firmly to his duty and went on. His spirit reminds us surely of his great Master, who also set Himself steadfastly to go up to Jerusalem, even though he knew that Jerusalem meant a cross.

And we may be sure that Paul's eagerness to get to Jerusalem was not for himself. One of his great purposes in going out of the fact that he carried with him an offering for the poor Christians in Jerusalem that had been gathered from among the Gentiles with whom he had been laboring for many months. His hope was that such an offering might open up the way for a better spirit and attitude on the part of the Jewish Christians toward the Gentile followers of Jesus to whose saving Paul had given up his life. Though he had turned to the Gentiles, and was so sure that his special work lay among them, he still longed to help his own and was ready to do anything that would bring about truer unity in Christ.

—"I speak four languages," proudly boasted the door man of a hotel in Rome to an American guest. "Yes, four—Italian, French, English, and American."

"But English and American are the same," protested the guest.

"Not at all," replied the man. "If an Englishman should come up now, I should talk like this: 'Oh, I say, what extraordinarily shocking weather we're having! I dare say there'll be a bit of it ahead.' But when you came up I was just getting ready to say: 'For the love o' mike! Some day, ain't it? Guess this is the second flood, all right.'"—*The Youth's Companion.*

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Yours sincerely,
HIRAM HULL,
Superintendent of Deaconess Work

The Science of Lip-Reading

How Its Cultivation Will Help

By Minnie Faircloth

Principal Faircloth School of Lip-Reading.

LIP-READING, what is it.—"Lip-reading is the art of understanding a speaker's thought by watching the movements of his mouth."

Many people have only a vague idea of how lip-reading can be applied as an aid to the deafened. Although nothing can take the place of a good pair of ears, an art, that in any measure bridges the gulf between hearing and not hearing, is both a mental and a physical blessing.

The study of lip-reading affords an outlet for the energy that has been diverted from its accustomed course; it brings poise to the mind that is bewildered and frightened by an untoward silence stimulating it to activity and alertness. The imagination is once more inspired with ambition, that fills the life with purpose.

There comes to my mind an instance of a very deaf girl, who at first sight made my heart ache. Habits of carelessness were all too apparent, but seemed a matter of indifference to her. With great interest I watched the effect of the study of lip-reading, and the cheerful association with others as deaf as herself. Before she went from my sphere of observation, she was transformed. No face could have been sweeter, it just sparkled with hope and animation and renewed vitality.

The great factors in lip-reading are the trained eye and mind. An expert lip-reader has the intuitive and the synthetic powers of the mind very highly developed, and will not demand a word for word interpretation; because the obscurity of many movements, and the variety of mouths, make it impossible to see all the movements in rapid speech.

Our definition of lip-reading is comprehensive, in that it emphasizes the fact, that a lip-reader must be able not only to see the movements of the lips, but also the movements of the whole mouth. One of the greatest difficulties lip-readers have to contend with, is the absence of sufficient movement on the mouths of the speakers. The lips and teeth are barely parted, so that the tongue cannot be seen. Such a mouth is hard to interpret. On the other hand, people, who speak with free, easy movements of the mouth, give lip-readers very little trouble.

The natural environment of a lip-reader, is among the members of his family or with particular friends, where close association in both work and play keeps the mind in constant

Continued on page 21.

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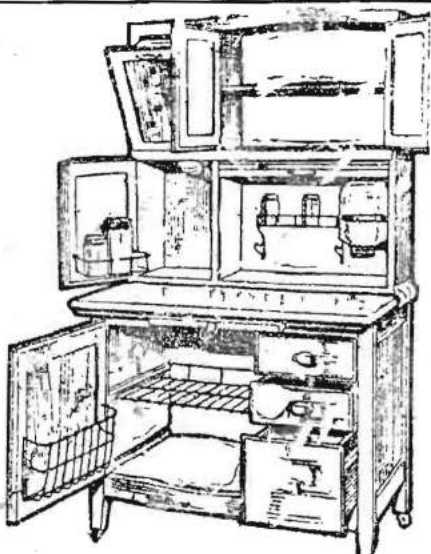
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THE BOOK STEWARD'S CORNER

"Forty Thousand Stalls of Horses."

"Ah, but the tempter never lets you read to the end of the chapter; never shows you the whole picture. Behind these gorgeous visions, floating in rosy mist, lurks death...poverty...starvation...despair...a civilization become of fall and ashes. He does not show you these; he knows that he is at war with the purpose of eternity."—"The Next War."

IN the preface to his "Essays on Books" Clutton-Brock says: "I was glad of the chance to praise great men." Hazlitt, Lamb, Ruskin and a host of other helpful critics have made the world richer and happier because they preferred this kind of criticism to scientific exactness and professional detachment, whatever that may mean. Love and enthusiasm rule the world, even the world of literary criticism. I have just laid down a book, Will Irwin's "The Next War," and I confess that I read most of it through tears. It is a wonderful book, the logic of it is terrible, annihilating, apocalyptic. Every minister, teacher, leader in Canada must read it. When H. G. Wells compiles his New Bible I plead for a place for this book in the Apocalypse. The chapters "The Breeding of Calamity," "The New Warfare," "Proposed Ways of Peace," "The Tempter," these ought to be put on the curricula of our schools. A daring party is preparing to scale the highest peak of the Himalayas, but what they will see from that height, or what they will experience, will be as nothing compared to the thrill and vision ont gets in a book like this.

"The Next War" is a masterpiece of disillusionment. I thought, when I had finished it, of the author of 1 Kings, of the loving admiration with which he dwells upon all the details of the dignity, power and pomp of the court of King Solomon; of the number of his princes, the extent of his kingdom, the grandeur of his temples and his sacrifices, even to the songs he composed and the proverbs he spake. What Solomon did not have or do was not worth having or doing. Solomon was wise! And when I thought of that master touch those "forty thousand stalls of horses," an equestrian chip on the shoulder of his foes, a "Deutschland uber Alles," "Marseilles," "Rule, Britannia" and "The Star Spangled Banner" all rolled into one. A neighing, champing, irritating chip that makes war because it makes people less fortunate jealous, and suspicious, and vengeful. "Solomon in all his glory..." Yes, but he conscripted the wealth of his kingdom, conscripted its men and maidens; and his jewels were the distilled tears wrung from the slaves and the conquered. The crimson and purple he wore were dyed with the blood of royal enemy princes and the proud blood of once freemen. There is an old legend which says that, in the heart of the staff on which Solomon leaned there was a worm which was secretly eating away the strength of the staff. With all his reputed wisdom Solomon got the tags hopelessly mixed. "His ambition warped his value judgment. He failed to see things in their true perspective and in their right relationship. And all the time Solomon, in his wisdom, thought he was leaning on a sound staff.

"The future of our civilization depends upon the widening spread and the deepening hold of the scientific habit of mind."—John Dewey

At the suggestion of President Harding there will meet in Washington

shortly, a Disarmament Conference. The Christian world ought to commence now and create an atmosphere in which those deliberations may be expected to yield victory for reason and fraternity, and peace. Christian folk are always so desperately cock-sure that there never will, never can, be war. It is unthinkable, economic suicide, devilish and a' that. But it happens. The question which is now confronting sensible men and women is this. Can we not create, somehow, an antiseptic state of society in which the causes of war can not thrive? Mr. Preacher, Mr. Leader and mothers, it is up to you. Make Disarmament Week a veritable Passion Week. There must be Love! There shall be no more war.

But why disarm? Because the forty thousand stalls of horses, the super-dreadnoughts, crack regiments, frowning fortresses, and warring treaties insure war. We offer to hand of friendship, and just then the forty thousand horses neigh, or someone drops a sabre and it's all off. You can't get chummy with a thug. Now we have got to hitch those forty thousand steeds to the ploughs, make timber and steel into homes, turn arsenals into schools, and the tanks into tractors, sink the super-dreadnoughts in forty-fathoms of brine, and release the captains and General Staff to solve the problems of peace. There will be peace—ought we to seek with a vengeance? Men are sick of debate. It got about as far as—

"We're here because, we're here because,"

We're here because, we're here."

We seemed to be reasoning but there was little real conviction. And still there remained those forty thousand stalls of horses, and the wild talk of "Divine Right," and all that sort of thing. Eight million of the flower of the world killed in war, and twice eight million dead of famine and broken heart due to war! Do we need any other arguments for disarmament, for peace? When we do go to the Disarmament Conference we all start ever for "we all have sinned."

The Nation, of New York, thus sums up the advantages of peace. It will save millions of taxes for genuine public service. It will reduce the military caste. It will diminish the appeal to jingo. It will reduce the temptation to big business to use arms to promote trade. It will prevent international suicide, and a civilization reduced to dust and ashes. The great war proved that armaments are futile and that "victory goes to the nation economically the best prepared" (Those who wish to read up on the subject of disarmament will do well to read "The Next War" and the Social Service Bulletin of the United States, Vol. ii, No. 4, April 1921, and New York Times, Sept. 18.)

Why pick brands out of the fire when we can put out the blaze? We keep an ambulance at the bottom of the cliff when we can fence the top of the cliff? Why war when we can remove the temptation to fight? We must destroy the Solomon and the Napoleon traditions. We must strip war of appeal. There is no "Holy War." Anatole France is right when he says that the worst wars are ideal wars. If we work as we pray the Lord will bless His people with peace.

THE DOWNY DRIFTERS

BY BERTHA E. GREEN

The Tree Birds---In the Norway Spruce

IT was autumn in the woods, and never had the trees arrayed themselves in gayer or more brilliant color. The maples, still keeping some of their rich green, were splashed with every shade of red and yellow. The beeches and the elms were more sober in their autumn finery—yellow and soft brown—but none the less pleasing.

The path that wound through the woods was carpeted softly with the fallen leaves, but as the sunbeams peeped through the still hazy branches, they found that the place was not deserted. Squirrels, red, and black, and grey, were all busy, for this was their harvest-time, and they chattered as they worked.

Just above the woods, a little cloud swung low upon a cool but lazy breeze, and on the cloud rode a Downy Drifter, a little cloud-man, and he had his collar buttoned up close under his chin.

"What a morning to be out in!" said the Drifter to himself; "a little nip to the wind; perhaps that is why none of my feathered friends have come to visit my cloud."

"So you think that because there's a nip to the wind all the birds are afraid of getting red noses," said a voice, clear and cheerful. The Drifter looked around his cloud, but could see no one at all. "It's a bird, I know it's a bird," said the Drifter; "it must be hiding under my cloud." There was a short, flute-like whistle that sounded almost like a laugh, and the same voice that the cloud-man had heard before now said: "I'm not hiding under your cloud, I'm not perching on it, yet I am much nearer to you than you think."

There was a dry, rattling sound, and a small shower of pine-cone seeds fell upon the Drifter and his downy suit. A small pine-cone bounced on his shoulder, and immediately after, a small bird flew downward and perched close by the Drifter. "Wherever did you come from?" asked the little cloud-man. "I was perched on your cap all the time, eating pine-cone seeds," said the bird.

He was a curious little chap, this feathered visitor, not more than six inches long from the tip of his narrow-notched tail to the top of his little round head. There were a few black feathers on his back, and many on the wings and the end of the tail, but most of his feathered suit was a dark, purplish rose. The eyes were bright and wide-awake, and the bill—the Downy Drifter looked and looked at that bill.

"Oh, you poor little bird!" exclaimed the little cloud-man. "However did you bend and twist that bill of yours?"

"I didn't bend it: it grew that way," answered the bird.

"Oh, I'm so sorry about it," said the Drifter, shaking his head slowly.

"You do not need to be," said the little bird cheerfully. "I'm not one bit sorry for myself." "But the point of the upper part of your bill curves away down, and the lower part curves away up, and it seems to be twisted sideways so that the points may get past each other," said the Downy Drifter.

"That is nothing to worry about," said the bird. "What kind of a bill do you expect a Crossbill to have?"

"A Crossbill?" said the Drifter. "Yes, Norry, the Crossbill," said the bird. "A pretty name," said the Downy Drifter. "Why are you called that?"

"Look down at the trees just below your cloud, and tell me what kind they are," asked the bird in turn. The cloud-man glanced quickly at the forest below him, and replied: "Those are Norway Spruce." "They are where my name comes from, and where I come from too," said Norry the Crossbill. "I love their tall spires, and their spreading branches of evergreen with their drooping cones, and the sweet, winged seeds one finds in them."

"But those were pine-cone seeds you were eating while you were perching on my head," said the little cloud-man.

"I like pine-seeds, too, as well as spruce, but for a place to build a nest there is no tree like a Norway Spruce," said Norry the Crossbill.

"Summer and winter, the spruce is my home," continued the bird.

"But I don't see how with that crooked bill, you manage to eat at all," interrupted the Drifter. Without replying, the Crossbill flew swiftly downward to the trees, returning with a cone in its claws. Clinging tightly to the cone, the little bird used its oddly-shaped bill so deftly that the seeds were whisked out of their hiding-places beneath the cone's scales so fast that the Drifter could hardly tell how it was done.

"Now you see what a handy bill mine is," said Norry the Crossbill. "I can do something else with it, too."

The little bird righted its head slightly, and began a low soft twittering, then short but pleasant whistled notes that sounded flute-like through the clear air of the autumn morning.

"I can't stay longer now," said the Crossbill, after he had finished his whistled tune. "But every time I see your cloud come sailing by I'll not forget to visit you." The bird flew downward, and as the Drifter sailed away upon his cloud, he saw Norry, the Crossbill, perched on the tip of the tallest Norway spruce, and heard the song of his newest feathered friend:

Each stately Norway spruce is mine,
The balsams, and the cedars, too,
The hemlock, and the spired pine
That fragrant needle-pathways
strew.

In summer days they bring to me,
With outstretched, friendly hands
of green,

Cool shade: at night, their melody,
As passing breezes play unscen.

In time of winter stern and cold,
The stormy days when frost is
King,
Above me sheltering arms they hold,
And still their swaying branches
sing.

But when the forest, autumn-
crowned,
Flaunts red and brown, with gold
between,
Listen for cone-seeds falling 'round—
'Tis me, up in an evergreen.

—The Downy Drifters Series, copy-
righted by B. E. Green.

You will find the answer in this booklet to many questions

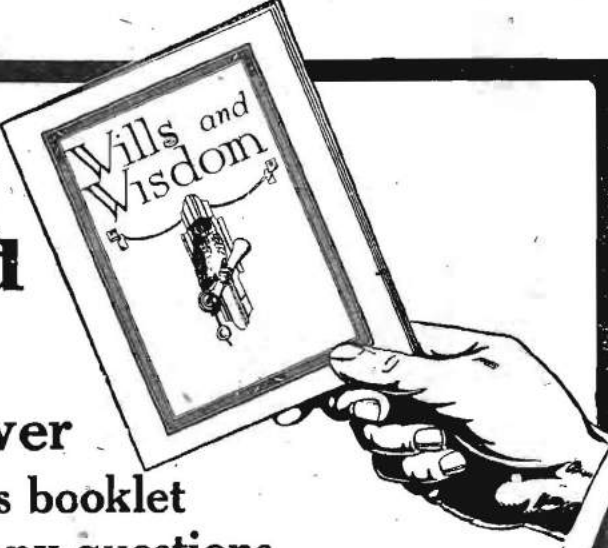
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Should Methodist Officials Stop Dancing?

Dear Sir: In view of the widespread agitation in the church for a deepening of spiritual life, and a revival of evangelism, the articles in recent issues on the subject of dancing are interesting. Strange to say it was opened by an advocate of dancing; and this of itself speaks volumes for the long-suffering of those who have watched with dismay the steady encroachment of the flood over all the highlands of spiritual life of the community. The writers seemed to have the idea that to knock the wind out of the other fellow was all that was needed. But while tempting, it does not get us anywhere.

If dancing is all right, as its advocates and devotees say, then it should be promoted by the Church as an aid in developing the young life of the community. If it is dangerous to physical and moral well-being of the young, then it should be declared to be so by the Church, and the reasons therefor set forth clearly and distinctly. The Church has done neither, but has treated it as a thing indifferent, until it has crept in with such power that those who oppose it are being crushed between upper and nether stones.

It seems to me there is no need for a controversy on this matter, or to say unkindly things. To every earnest worker after souls, and the development of Christian character, the effects of dancing do not need to be told, and to those who have not had any vision of spiritual things, to do so is a waste of words.

Now, as most of us know, the history of dancing through the centuries has been the story of the efforts to purify it, and make it acceptable to those of more sensitive natures. The conference of dancing masters just closed, seemed to have as its great burden, according to the papers, the problem of how to purify it. They even went so far as to discuss the advisability of calling in government aid, in the form of censors. Is there any stronger argument as to its tendencies: than this fact?

The writer has no monopoly of experience, but his experience is this: In no single instance have I found a devotee of dancing to be in any way interested in the spiritual side of the work of the church, or take any interest in the salvation of souls, as we understand the term. On the other hand, it has not been a rare thing for such members to stage a dance during a series of revivals, and invite every young person who was attending the services to it. Now other men may have found the dancers to be his best workers in the effort to lead his young people to decide for Christ. My experience may be unique. I fear not, however, for it is hard to find a community in which popular amusements, as they are termed, have carried on over a period of years, in which there has not been a serious moral breakdown.

Now, I make no apologies for saying, that if the expected programme of evangelism, for the securing of five-thousand members on profession of

faith is to have any reasonable hope of success, this enemy of spiritual forces must be checked. It is quite possible to sweep in the required number from our Sunday-schools from ages twelve to fifteen, with the almost certainty of having all but a remnant of them to all practical purposes swept out again, before they are twenty. This has been happening over and over again, as many pastors know.

The rural population, is the backbone of the Church and State in many ways, and so long as the moral tone of the country is high, and its convictions deep and abiding, all is well, and things go forward steadily, if not swiftly. But let the rural sections, from which in the past have come a very large proportion of the outstanding men and women in all walks of life, be stampeded into a rash imitation of the faster social life of the city, and one does not like to think what will happen to the next generation. This seems to be what is happening in our day.

The question is: Is my vision of the matter right, or is it but the needless and nervous fear for the Ark of God. If it is in any degree right, who is to apply the brakes? for I take it for granted that to let things run on until the inevitable smash comes, and then bemoan the disaster, while we gather up the salvage, does not commend itself to many. Who will do it? The pastor in charge? Many are doing the best they can, but their effort is largely neutralized by the haunting feeling that they stand simply as individuals against a mighty tide, that the army to which they belong does not know whether to fight or run, and they are liable to be "up in the air" at any moment. They feel they have no backing and little sympathy from the Church as such.

Others who would like to resist, have not the courage to stand against powerful officials, who know they have but to go to Conference to find ready listeners to their tale of woe, and the "too sanctimonious" minister is removed. . . . No, the rank and file pastor must have backing, or who can blame him if he elects to live, and protect his family from hardship?

Other Churches have been protesting. Roman Catholic bishops for instance. True they seem rather to desire to clean it up rather than abolish it, but Methodism apparently is interested in other things. Perhaps the attitude is that of the returned chaplain who said to a number of us, "Stop preaching against the cigarette, if a man is going out after big game, he does not stop to shoot chipmunks."

Where does the Church stand? Where she has always stood, says one. I fear only in theory. Not because of the removal of the "footnote," since I believe the new one is better. But because, having taken it off, she has allowed the belief to permeate the whole Church, apparently, that the Church sanctions dancing, until during the last few years it has swept over the rural sections like a breath from the destroying angel, and the heart of many a devout servant of God, and many an anxious parent is heavy indeed.

Not only is it sweeping over the home life without protest, except from some individual pastor, who perhaps has more courage than judgment, but it is being forced upon the young people from homes where it is still objected to, and they are many. It is invading the schools, where both classes meet, and in some of our high schools the social functions are practically all dances. The children of those who object, are thus cut off from the social life of the institution, and often subjected to no little persecution. In one city, according to the papers, the board of education decided to take some action, because dancing injuriously affected the standing of the pupils, but I saw no protest from any Ministerial Association, though their families were also involved.

This is but an indication of the trend of things. Where will it stop? If our Church thinks it harmless, why should it stop? If not, then where should the protest come from, the top, the bottom? From the governing body? or must it be done by a resolution in Quarterly Board, sending a memorial to be fought through District Meeting, and Conference and General Conference, if it is not killed in committee? I received the impression, through correspondence and conversation, rightly or wrongly, that no one wanted to burn their fingers.

Mr. Editor, you are the only man in the seats of the mighty, whom everyone may say things to, if they feel that way; a sort of shock absorber. Now in conclusion, this is how it seems to me. Either dancing is discouraging to all spiritual life and growth, as our fathers taught, or it is not.

If it is, then there is slackness somewhere up above, or it would not be a growing feature in places where all children must go, without protest being made; and if the Methodist Church protested it would stop. On the other hand, if it is not harmful then our fathers were wrong, and we who still cling to the belief, are vainly tilting against a windmill, and getting our heads broken for our pains, until we learn more sense.

If the attitude of the Church is as it always has been, I really think that two things should be done. First—that the children of the thousands of Methodist homes, who object to this form of amusement, should be able to take in every school function, class reception, etc., without hurt to their conscience. The Church should see to it, and it could if it would.

Second—I think that its position should be defined. We are circularized and pamphleted almost to death, about other things, not so important it may be, then why should not a pamphlet, or series of them if needful, be issued by our Church, setting forth clearly and distinctly its attitude to this form of amusement, and give clearly and distinctly in simple language, the reasons why. Such would clear the air, and surely strengthen the hands of those who are growing discouraged, both in pulpit and pew, and save many whose feet are well nigh slipping.

Yours truly,
GEO. A. CROPP.
Jordan Station.

Reforming Financial System

Editor of the Christian Guardian:
Dear Sir,—May I through your columns be permitted to endeavor to create public sentiment in regard to a much needed reform in our financial system? I am expected, this first year of my pastorate in Canadian Method-

ism, to make eight appeals on behalf of various funds of the church, three of them requiring special sermons, three being assessments.

In addition, I have one Congregational Alliance, Lord's Day Alliance, Men's Brotherhood—have asked to make appeals from my pulpit during the Conference year.

In addition, I have one Congregational Church with its five funds to look after.

It seems to me that I shall need be more of a financier than a preacher.

The solution is somewhat the same as is employed in the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, in which church I was ordained. Section 407 of their discipline provides for a Commission on Finance, which shall review the askings of each Benevolent Board, apportioning the finally-determined amount to the Annual Conference and through it to the local church or circuit.

Only one financial appeal for funds of the church is necessary. At least it simplifies things somewhat.

Yours fraternally,
Sherkston, Ont. H. G. FORSTER.

The Science of Lip-Reading

Continued from page 17

communion. Under such circumstances even a difficult mouth will grow familiar and interpretation comparatively easy. Again, it is being proved that through the increased power of concentration a deafened lip-reader person is often an asset to an employer, because the continued association with the same people, and the opportunity of mastering the details and routine of business, give to the lip-reader an ideal place in which to make good. Everything in connection with his work represents, or suggests, some line of thought, which by means of a motion of the hand or head of the speaker presents a clue that, in an instant prepares the mind of the lip-reader for what is to be said. Although a clue helps, it is not always necessary, provided the hearing person has sufficient initiative to speak with a realization that the lip-reader is depending upon the movements of the mouth for understanding. Furthermore, although a word for word interpretation is often possible, it is not essential. A lip-reader endeavors to grasp the thought and leaves the words to take care of themselves.

It does not follow that everyone who tries to lip read will become expert. That depends upon the individual and upon the amount of good solid work put into the study. Like everything else worth-while it requires a steady effort with a strong determination to succeed.

The ability to speech read makes for the deafened a sphere of usefulness that is unique in comparison with that of one who cannot lip-read at all. It can and does make for happiness, for it opens up avenues of association and pleasure that would otherwise be closed, and it gives to the individual new courage and confidence.

Very recently a young girl student, in the gladness of her heart from her growing ability in speech reading, exclaimed, "It seems as if a new life had come to me, like a light in a dark room. I have something to live for now, where before life was just an endless routine, silent and hopeless."

It is not possible to be an expert lip-reader in a day, nor possibly in a year; but every effort helps toward the goal of success. A blind man cannot at once detect color by the touch; that power comes through application and practice. Just so a lip-reader, to be

expert, must apply himself to the study, and practise, practise, practise.

As I look back upon my life, my great regret is that someone did not interest me in the art years ago. I lost much time and, realizing now what it would have meant to me in the early stages of my deafness, I would strongly urge the deaf, and the growing deaf, not to put off the study of lip-reading, but to get in touch with an experienced teacher, who has training and the necessary facilities for practical instruction. The meeting with other students will be helpful from the standpoint of companionship, sympathy and understanding, and more or less competition is an incentive to greater effort.

Lip-readers are often criticized for using hearing devices. My experience is, although lip-reading is a deafened person's best friend, it is not infallible, and in a business position, where one is required to meet, consult, advise and record facts, where no chance should be taken, a hearing device is of great assistance, to both the hearing and the deaf, by saving nervous strain and wasted energy.

The Toronto Lip-Reading Club was organized to help, in every way possible, those who are handicapped with deafness. Sir Allen Aylesworth is Honorary President of the club. A nominal membership fee is charged, and the club is open to all who are interested. The practise work is personally supervised and conducted by normal graduate teachers of lip-reading, who have affiliated the practise classes of their own schools with the club for the greater efficiency of practice work.

The enthusiastic reception of the inauguration of the club exceeded all expectation; and the outlook for the coming term is full of promise. As the club grows, through greater understanding of our project, we hope to extend our activities to other branches of usefulness and service among the deafened.

We wish that our Club shall stand for all that is uplifting, for mental and spiritual development, and for the highest and best in life.

The meetings are held in the Y.W.C.A. parlors, 21 McGill Street, each Monday afternoon from 3.30—5 o'clock and Thursday evening, from 7.30—9.30. All deafened people who come will be made welcome.

The secretary of the Club, Miss A. Hetherington, 113 Hilton Avenue, will gladly furnish any further particulars that may be desired.

Miss Winnifred Thomas

The Department of Sunday Schools and Young People's Societies considers itself very fortunate in securing Miss Winnifred Thomas, B.A., to succeed Miss Olive Ziegler as Girls' Work Secretary. Miss Thomas has been for three years National Girls' Work Secretary of the Young Women's Association in Canada, during which time she has worked in closest co-operation and fellowship with denominational Sunday-school workers. Miss Thomas is a daughter of the Methodist parsonage, a graduate of Mount Allison University, and during her years of service in girls' work, has become as well-known and as much at home in far Western Canada as in her native Maritimes. Her splendid executive leadership, her sane and well-balanced optimism, and her deeply evangelical spirit, will enable Miss Thomas to render a very large contribution to the girlhood, not only of the Methodist Church, but of all other denominations in Canada.

The Woman Who Wished She Could Play the Piano

AND HOW SHE FOUND AN EASY WAY TO TURN HER WISH INTO A FACT

A year or so ago this woman didn't know one note from another. Today she plays the piano—entirely by note—better than many who have been playing for years. Here she tells how she learned and why it was so easy.

FROM the time I was a child, I have always had a yearning and longing to play the piano. Often I felt that I would gladly give up half of my life if some kind fairy would only turn my wish into a fact. You see, I had begun to think I was too old to learn, that only some sort of fairy-story magic could give me the ability to play. I was 35 years old—and the mother of a small family—before I knew one note from another.

Again and again, parties and other social gatherings have been all but spoiled for me. I could enjoy myself until some one suggested music or singing; then I felt "left out"—a lonesome wall flower—a mere looker-on, instead of part of the party. I was missing half the fun.

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The way I have suddenly blossomed out in music (almost overnight, you might say) has been a big surprise to all who know me, and to myself as well. My friends seem to think it must be that I had a previously undiscovered genius for the piano. But if there was any genius about it it wasn't on my part, but in the lessons I took—a new and simplified method that makes it remarkably easy for anyone to add music or singing to their daily lives. Anyone anywhere can now learn to play any instrument or learn to sing just as easily as I did. All the hard part, all the big expense, all the old difficulties, have been swept away by this simple new method.

I learned entirely by home study—in my spare time—from fascinating Print-and-Picture lessons that make everything so simple and easy that one simply can't go wrong on them. I call it a short-cut way to learn—it is so much simpler and so entirely different from the old and hard-to-understand methods.

Within a year after I took my first lesson, I began teaching my two little girls to play—using exactly the same lessons I myself had studied. And I notice that both of them seem to be getting along better than any of their playmates who have private teachers. In addition, I am saving the money it would cost to have a private teacher—I figure it would cost at least \$3 to \$5 a lesson to have a teacher whose instruction could compare with that contained in the printed lessons from the U. S. School. Yet, from the first lesson to the last, the total cost of learning the way I did amounts to only a few cents a lesson.

My only regret is that I didn't know of this really wonderful method years before. The ability to play is such a great comfort.



No matter how much I am alone, I never get lonesome—I can always turn to my piano for amusement. I am never at a loss for a way to entertain my callers. I no longer feel that I am "out of it" at social gatherings. Do you wonder that I so gladly recommend the method that has brought me so much pleasure and satisfaction?

This woman's experience is by no means unusual. Over 250,000 others—from school children to men and women of 50 and 60—have learned to play their favorite instrument or learned to sing in the same way this woman did.

Whether for beginners or advanced pupils, our method is a revolutionary improvement of the old and hard-to-learn methods used by private teachers, and our method is as thorough as it is simple and easy. We teach you in the only right way—teach you to play or sing entirely by note. No "trick" music, no "numbers," no makeshifts of any kind. Yet it is a short-cut method, simply because every step is made so simple and clear. But we don't ask you to judge our method by what others say or by what we ourselves say. You can take any course on trial—singing or any instrument you prefer—and judge entirely by your own progress. If for any reason you are not satisfied with the course or with what you learn from it, then it won't cost you a single penny, as outlined in our guarantee. On the other hand, if you are pleased with the course the total cost amounts to only a few cents a lesson, with our music and everything included.

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Youth and Service

Epworth League Topics

Senior Topic for October 23rd

Giving

Stewardship Studies, Chapter X

PAINLESS extraction" is an advertising slogan that has brought success to many a dentist and relief to many of his patients. The very suggestion of such a thing in relation to giving might lead some suspicious individual to conclude, as an old farmer in the south did, when confronted with Stewardship principles, "There's some trick in this. You're just trying to get us to do something without knowing it that we don't want to do." If this be true of an occasional individual, it is not of all, for no public spirited or socially minded individual wants to evade giving. The world's problems or humanity's needs cannot be solved or met without it, and giving may be not only painless while generous, but it may be joyous or "hilarious," as Paul said.

Let us make sure that our giving is real. Advertising by a business man in a religious paper is not giving when the ad. is likely to bring business profit. Going to high-class concert or tea-meeting is not giving when we take away full value for all we have paid. Entertaining a friend whom we would have had in any case is scarcely a legitimate charge. No-giving is "bestowing gratuitously," expending without hope of material compensation in return. Of course, it is absolutely impossible to divest ourselves of all possibility of any kind of compensation. "It is more blessed to give than to receive" but emphasizes the reward that is probable. The joy of seeing others helped and blessed and relieved is great. The advantage of cultivating a heart that becomes a fountain and not a Dead Sea is another. The stimulus that this gives to acquiring, in order to be a blessing, is also worth while. It is true of money as of other things, "Give and it shall be given unto you, good measure, pressed down and running over."

We should give not because of the blessing anticipated, but because others have given so largely of love and time and money and service to us. What we owe to our parents and neighbors and associates in business, to the Municipal and State Government can never be fully repaid to them. The very having of something to give places us under obligation to use it benevolently. Humanity needs also what we can spare, it may heal the sick, feed and clothe the helpless poor, it may educate the young to right ideals, and it may Christianize multitudes who need our Christ.

As to method of giving, it should be both spontaneous and systematic. It is unfortunate for us to so systematize our givings that we may be without the wherewithal to show practical sympathy with an emergency call to meet great suffering. But the greater part of our givings should be administered systematically. It is better to set apart some proportion of our income as regularly as it is received, and it is

also better to regularly apply the major part of it. Paul's plan is good, "Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store as God hath prospered him." With some it may be the first day of the month or year—whenever the income comes. But what is received at long intervals may be administered in short intervals. To get behind some worth-while benevolent or Christian movement, with regular support, will give you a sense of partnership which will be a boon to you and the movement.

What proportion shall one give? This must be decided by each individual with his Maker. God's training school—under the Old Testament economy required a tenth or a tithe for the support of the tabernacle (See Lev. 27:30) a second tithe (See Deut. 14:22-27) for festival purposes. Every third year there was another tithe to be devoted to the Levite and the poor (See Deut. 14:28-29). This law of the tithe was never rebuked. Of it Christ said, it "ought not to be left undone." "Love is the fulfilling of the law," St. Paul said. But love uneducated and unregulated is apt to be careless, sometimes indifferent and sometimes impulsive. "Human nature cannot be trusted to carry out its generous impulses without some well conceived place or pledge," Dr. A. T. Gordon once said. For that reason we advise every Christian to decide upon a definite proportion of one's net income to be set aside for giving, and as an acknowledgment of one's Stewardship.

For some this proportion ought to be much greater than others. But while this proportion is being decided upon we recommend "The tithe, not as a standard but as a starting point." Let those who will debate as to whether the Mosaic law be binding upon us or not. Most of us will be anxious that our Christian love be not less generous than Jewish law. Then Christ's approval of the tithe, and the testimony of a great multitude of witnesses as to the material prosperity and spiritual blessing which have attended the practise, further commend this. But even greater than all is the vast improvement in the measure of human helpfulness resulting from generosity which begins with tithing. Every earnest student of this problem should read the issue of *The New Christian Steward* with its thronging testimonies on "The Test of Experience." Send to the Department of Finance, Wesley Buildings, for a copy of it—enclosing two 3-cent stamps therefor.

To what shall one give? To the Church of God—by all means. That should be placed in the forefront. Support it liberally because it is indispensable in its ministrations to your personal, family and community life, to national stability and material well-being.

Support your Connexional enterprises, such as The Missionary, Educational, Church and Parsonage Aid, and other Connexional funds. These are

your schemes. You have a voice in their management and you are sure when and how the money is being expended.

Men should bear in mind that their surplus has been socially produced. What is called wealth to-day is largely acquired by the co-operation of others—either working for us or employing us, either buying our products or selling us theirs. No man should act as though the large surplus which may have fallen into his custody were absolutely his own. He is a steward of society as well as a steward of God. It might be hard to divide it equitably amongst all who have shared in producing it, but he can at least discharge his stewardship by bestowing reasonable proportions of it upon public institutions and movements, such as colleges, hospitals, libraries, parks, playgrounds, churches, etc. No man should feel that his rights are being intruded upon, if, when he is known to have surplus money or wealth, he be invited and expected to share it in movements for the public weal.

Be sure and read "Stewardship Studies," chapter 10.

Scriptural passages—John 3:16; Mark 12:41-44; Luke 6:38; Acts 20:35; 2 Cor. 9:7-15.

Musical Night

FROM the greatest nations of the earth down to the lowliest tribes, there is music. From the most wonderful symphonies in civilized countries, to the merest drum dance of the cannibals, there is music. It is impossible for us to realize the wonderful influence it has on our lives.

The earth was supposed by the ancients to be enclosed by eight spheres, on which stood a beautiful female, who uttered a single note as the sphere went round, the whole eight forming perfect harmony. So in Job xxxviii, 7, we read "When the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

Shakespeare says, "For do but note a wild and wanton herd, or race of youthful and unhandled colts, fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud, which is the hot condition of their blood; if they but hear perchance a trumpet sound, or any air of music touch their ears, you shall perceive them make a mutual stand, their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze by the sweet power of music; therefore the poet did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones and floods. Since nought so stockish, hard and full of rage but music for time doth change his nature. The man that hath no music in himself, nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds, is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils; the motions of his spirit are dull as night and his affections dark as Erebus; let no such man be trusted." Mark the music.

Turning to Beethoven, one of the greatest musical composers, it would be interesting to know how many musical students have heard his Sonata Op. 78 in F sharp. As a man Beethoven was very awkward, but there are few traces of this awkwardness in his music. Neate related that he had "never met a man who so rejoiced in

nature, who so hugely enjoyed flowers and clouds," as Beethoven did. In his notebook he wrote "It is as if every tree spoke to me, Holy, Holy! In the forest there is enchantment, who could express all this?" The greatest musical masterpieces have been based upon the simplest kind of musical themes. The Beethoven Fifth Symphony has a movement with a theme of only four notes, three of which are repeated.

Standing out among the pianists of all times is the majestic Franz Liszt, who, because of his manifold gifts, became a figure so distinctive that it is difficult to compare any of his contemporaries with him. As a composer Liszt will be known first of all for his Symphonic Poems. As a composer for the pianoforte his best known works are the fifteen Rhapsodies.

Everyone is conquered by the fascination of Grieg's music. His music has a special indefinable flavor, like the fragrance of roses. Its harmonies, its melodies are profoundly original, typical of this composer.

Richard Wagner was one of the greatest teachers of singing that the world has ever seen. He paid much attention to proper breathing; but to thoroughly understand a passage was, in his opinion, to master half its technical difficulty. Wagner said: "The human voice is really the foundation of all music."

A great deal is said about the happiness of Haydn, but little about the cheerfulness of Mozart. Of Mozart's works there are comparatively few that are not marked by brightness, and often brilliancy. This was due largely to Mozart's own perennially optimistic character. In one of his letters he wrote: "I daily thank my Creator for a happy frame of mind and wish from my heart that every one of my fellow creatures may enjoy the same." We should not attempt to teach Mozart until we know, not this or that Sonata, but Mozart. This applies to all the great composers. Know them first, then teach them.

Schumann says: "If all would play first violin, we could get no orchestra together." Paganini is said to be the first violinist to use double stopping. He wrote a Capriccio founded on the Irish air "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning," which could be exchanged for "God Save the King" when occasion demanded. This composition is said to be the first one in which double-stopping is used.

We find some of the most thrilling works in music in the patriotic selections. The words and music of the Marseillaise were written by Rouget de Lisle. Strangely enough the writer was a Royalist, not a Revolutionist. It is a question whether this work has ever been surpassed as a war song. At one time in the Franco-Prussian war, the French were retreating. A staff officer ordered "La Marseillaise" to be played. The strains of the glorious war hymn rose in the air, the fleeing soldiers stopped, and advanced on the enemy and won the victory.

The authorship of "God Save the King" (words and music) is in great dispute, but the weight of evidence

seems to favor Henry Cary. "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled" was written by Burns in commemoration of the Battle of Bannockburn.

The Belgian National Hymn, La Brabanconne (who'd have believed?), is a genuine war song, a child of liberty, for it commemorates the breaking away of Belgium from the yoke of the Dutch.

As a patriotic sea-song the English hold fast to "Rule, Britannia! Britannia, Rule the Waves." This line should not be printed "Rule Britannia! Britannia Rules the Waves," as it represents a pious wish that she may rule the waves, not a boast that she already does so. The tune was greatly admired by Beethoven, who said: "I must show the English people what a treasure they have in it," meaning to write a series of variations on it for the piano, which he afterwards did.

Games

A Musical Love Story.

A girl whose name was (Annie Laurie) is the heroine of our story. She was born (Way Down Upon the Swanee River). She first met our hero (Comin' thru the Rye). His name was (Robin Adair). He was born in (Dixie). He proposed (In the Gloaming) and she answered (Sweet and Low). They were married (In old Kentucky). The wedding march was played by (My Darling Nellie Gray) and (Old Black Joe) prepared the wedding breakfast. The bridal couple always lived in (America). Their motto was (Home, Sweet Home). This happened (Long Long Ago).

Charades

My first is part of an apple,
My second is objective of "we";
Put me together and a company of singers I'll be.
(Chorus).
My first is used by Cooks
My second is Oh! Oh! Oh!
(Kettle-Drum).
My first grows out in a forest
My second is Oh! Oh! Oh!
(Trio).

The Evils of Intemperance

Proverbs 23:29-35.

Junior Topic for October 23rd

IN the greater part of Canada to-day we can render prayers of thanksgiving that the evils of intemperance are being driven out of Canada. It is necessary, however, to count our blessings occasionally, or in forgetfulness and carelessness the light will return.

The superintendent is recommended to study, if possible, Sir Victor Horsley's book, "Alcohol and the Human Body." To-day, I should assume the role of story-teller, and tell the story of a robber that was worse than Ali Baba and his forty thieves. This robber used to be called King Alcohol, then he was known as John Barleycorn after he had lost his crown, and to-day we know him pretty well for just what he is—an enemy to the home, the community, the state and the individual. Well, John Barleycorn is found in whiskey, gin, rum, champagne, beer, wine and many other drinks. Once upon a time it was thought that King Alcohol was the King of Good Fellows, but that was when he was able to fool the people, and even now John Barleycorn tries to make folks think of him as being, "A good sport," and that people can have a good time with him, and cannot have a good time without him. You see that he is still able to fool some of the

people. By fooling people like that, he robs them of their good sense. But he not only robs people of their good sense, he even robs them of every sense they have. He can take away taste, their sight, their hearing, he can put them to sleep, he can make good friends fight with one another, he can make people so dizzy that they stagger, and rob them of the correct use of their hands and feet. He can make an educated man talk like a fool; he can make a decent, sober man laugh like an imbecile, and take away all the sense and decency he has. Oh! he is a great robber, this John Barleycorn. He not only robs people of their senses, but takes their money too, homes if they have any, clothing as well and everything else that they have if he can get it, even their jobs and their friends.

But that is not enough for this robber. He is cruel enough to rob little children of their homes and their food, their clothing. When he robs a father of his senses, he makes father a brute that beats the boys and girls. He even has no respect for mother. He reviles God, and I am glad that young Canadians are being taught to know where John Barleycorn hides, and what he will do to them if they play with him. Boys and girls must see to it that John Barleycorn is put entirely out of Canada pretty soon, and kept out, too.

CHAS. R. CONQUERGOOD.

Methodist Training School for Workers

The Methodist Training School for Christian workers will conduct its sessions this year in Victoria College, and the following programme has been arranged for the Fall Term:

- 8.00 to 8.40 BIBLE STUDY—The Uniform Sunday School Lesson for the following Sunday, Prof. W. A. Potter, M.A., B.D.
- 8.40 to 9.05 DEVOTIONAL PERIOD.
- 9.05 to 9.46 TEACHER TRAINING—"How to Teach Religion." Prof. Fred Langford, M.R.E.
- YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK—"Meeting the Religious Needs of Young People. A Study of Young People's Work in the Local Church." Rev. Denzil G. Ridout.

The sessions will open on Tuesday, Oct. 18th, and will be held each Tuesday evening until December 6th. Further information regarding these classes may be obtained from the Secretary of the School, D. G. Ridout, 523 Wesley Bldgs. Ad. 2835.

Saskatchewan Conference

Will all ministers and probationers of the Saskatchewan Conference who served in the recent war, please forward, without delay, to Rev. E. C. Evans, Harris, Sask., the following information: date of enlistment, date of discharge, rank held. In the case of probationers, number of years by which their probation was lengthened because of such military service.

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District Meeting

BRANDON—The second district meeting will be held in Victoria Avenue Church, Brandon, on Oct. 31 and Nov. 1, beginning at 2 p.m. on Monday, and continuing to end of afternoon session on Tuesday. The business session will be from 10 to 12, Tuesday forenoon. Representatives of the departments of Evangelism and Social Service and Religious Education will be present. Each circuit is asked to send as many delegates as possible. J. W. Churchill, Chairman; G. A. Colpitts, Financial Secretary.

Recent Deaths

Items under this heading will be inserted at the rate of Two Cents per word. These should reach the Guardian Office within three weeks of decease of subject of sketch. Minimum charge two dollars.

WILKIN—There passed away at Harriston Hospital, Ont., on Saturday, August 28th, 1921, Sarah Metcalf, widow of the late R. R. Wilkin, aged 70 years. Her early life was spent on the 7th concession of Minto, where her father settled in 1855. In 1872 she was married to Richard K. Wilkin and for forty-four years was his true helpmate in maintaining a happy Christian home. Two sons, Reuben and Robson, are left to mourn her departure, a daughter having predeceased her some years. For many years Mr. and Mrs. Wilkin were faithful members of Hope Church, Minto Circuit. We hope to meet her in life's new morning.

KNOLL—By the death of Merl Knoll, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Knoll, our Port Colborne Church has lost one of its choice members. She was a young woman of beautiful spirit, and consecrated life; ready to serve her Church and Master in any possible way; taking her part in its work. Her greatest contribution was in the musical part of worship where she, for a time, served as organist; and at special gatherings was willing to help with instrumental or vocal part. For the past twelve months her health had been poor, compelling her to give up all church work; but there was hope of her recovery, when suddenly, on September 6th, she was called away. A crowded church at the funeral service, gave evidence of the esteem in which she was held; and the presence of all the Protestant clergy of Port Colborne added to the tribute. The pastor, Rev. Chas. Hackett, conducted the service and preached the sermon, he being assisted by the other ministers.

Births, Marriages, Deaths

Marriage

GREGORY-McCONNELL—At Robie St. Methodist Church, Halifax, N.S., September 14th, Florence Jean, youngest daughter of Rev. and Mrs. J. W. McConnell, to Raymond Armstrong Gregory of Toronto.

POND-BEAM—At the Methodist Church, Hagersville, on Saturday, September 24th, Lena Olive Beam to Amos Leo Pond. At home at 134 Balmoral Avenue, Hamilton.

Death

MOLLER—At Haldimand, Gaspé, Que., on September 20th, 1921, John B. Miller, in the eighty-eighth year of his age.

In Memoriam

NEIL—In loving remembrance of our mother, Mrs. Richard Neil, who passed peacefully away on September 30th, 1914, at West McGillivray—"Gone, but not forgotten". Her suffering was great, her pain severe. But she bore it with patience till God drew near.

And then, without bidding a last farewell, She quietly went home in heaven to dwell. One of the best that God could send, A loving mother and a faithful friend. We miss her and mourn her in silence unseen, And dwell in the memory of days that have been.—Husband Son and Daughter.

Church Union Committee

A meeting of the Church Union Committee, appointed by the General Conference, will convene in denominational session in the Central Methodist Church, Bloor St. E., Toronto, at 2.00 p.m. on Thursday, October 20th. The same Committee is called to meet on Friday, October 21st, at 10.00 a.m., in joint session with the committees of the Presbyterian and Congregational Churches to transact business in connection with the organic union of these three churches.—S. D. Chown, General Superintendent.

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Among the New Books

—*Social Rebuilders.* By Charles Reynolds Brown. (New York: The Abingdon Press.) \$1.25 net.

This book by the dean of the Divinity School of Yale University, contains the lectures delivered by him at De Pauw University, in 1921, on the Mendenhall Foundation. These lectures are a study in social reconstruction, based upon the lives of certain great leaders in biblical history. The treatment is stimulative and thought-provoking, and the lectures well repay reading, both for their vigor of style and their subject matter.

—*The United States and Canada: A Political Study.* By George M. Wrong, Professor of History in the University of Toronto. (New York: The Abingdon Press) \$1.25 net.

The lectures which make up this little volume were delivered in Wesleyan University under the Bennett Foundation, the aim of which is "the promotion of a better understanding of national problems and of a more perfect realization of the responsibilities of citizenship." The lectures give a dispassionate, intimate and altogether illuminating review of the history of the relations between the United States and Canada throughout the years. As we would expect, the work is not only done skillfully and accurately, but also in the finest of spirits, that at the same time lacks nothing in straightforward honesty and frankness.

—*Jackie.* By Countess Barynska, author of "Rose o' the Sea." (Toronto: Thomas Allen.) \$2.00.

Mervyn Carter goes in quest of an alleged Amati violin in Soho and finds not the object of his search, but Jackie, dancing in wild abandon to the music of a hurdy-gurdy. She danced because she could not help it. It was her ambition to some day be a great artist and interpret the spirit of the music to an audience. With Carter's aid the ambition is realized and the story deals with her triumphs and tells why at the very zenith of her career she leaves it all.

—*Paul, the Interpreter of Christ.* By Professor A. T. Robertson, M.A., D.D., LL.D., Professor of New Testament interpretation, Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. (New York: George H. Doran Company.) \$2.00 net.

This volume is made up of twelve somewhat unconnected articles that have appeared in various publications during recent years. The first and longest of them gives its title to the volume. Other themes treated are, "The Versatility of Paul," "Paul and the Deity of Christ," "Paul's Ecclesiastical Independence," "Paul's Missionary Statesmanship," "Paul's Interest in Young Ministers," "Paul in the Centre of Greek Culture, etc." Dr. Robertson has already written "Epochs in the life of Paul" and "Paul's Joy in Christ," which have proved how intimate and thorough his study of the great apostle has been. He is author of "A Grammar of the Greek New Testament," and one of the foremost of modern New Testament students.

—*The Home of The Echoes.* By F. W. Boreham. (New York: The Abingdon Press.) \$1.75 net.

Those who have read Mr. Boreham's former works will welcome this new volume. He is a charming essayist, and those who secure this book with the expectation of finding fresh, clearly expressed, and forceful thought in it, will not be disappointed. Such themes as "Second-hand Things," "The Joys of the Absent-Minded," and "Wishing Time," are sure to be both interesting and suggestive to the average reader.

—*Standing Room Only.* By Rev. William L. Stidger. With an Introduction by Bishop Theodore S. Henderson. Illustrated by many photographs. (New York: George H. Doran Company.) \$2.00 net.

Dr. Stidger preaches to five thousand people every Sunday, has five hundred attend his mid-week prayer-meeting, and receives many hundreds into the membership of his church every year. In this little book he attempts something in the way of an explanation as to how it is done, going somewhat fully into detail as to methods of advertising, style and subject in preaching, music in church services and many other things of interest to all live pastors and church officials. His suggestions are reasonable and sane.

—*Alice Adams.* By Booth Tarkington. (Toronto: S. B. Gundy.) \$1.90.

This latest book by Booth Tarkington further exemplifies, in an interesting way, its author's well-known skill in characterization. The story has to do with the Adams family, of which Alice Adams, the daughter, is the dominating, and by far the most attractive, member. It depicts the struggles of a family whose social aspirations are balked by their environment and financial prospects. The father is pathetically weak. His physical disability, perhaps, accounts to some extent for the fact that he allows himself to be goaded by his wife into doing that which he knows to be an unprincipled thing. The wife—particularly if one allows oneself to suspect that she is not wholly an imaginary character, but, rather, typical of too many American mothers—perhaps of some Canadian ones as well—is a depressing sort of person. She seems quite lacking in those fundamental principles which one likes to associate with the best type of mother. In the training of her children she puts no emphasis at all upon character. Her theory is that lacking the background which wealth and social position provide, defects of character and mistakes in conduct are to be expected—and condoned. Her son, Walter, turns out to be an unhappy product of her theory and her practice. Alice, alone, shows a psychological development which promises better things for the future. She, at least, has learned to profit by her mistakes—and those of her family—and has come to see that it is what one is, rather than what one can by devious methods, appear to be, that really matters.

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Following the list of materially reduced prices on standard theological books in last week's issue, the following, with even greater reductions will be interesting to many of our preachers. The first three books quoted are from the "Preachers of To-day" theological library, edited by Rev. J. Stewart Holden, M.A. They are splendidly made books of approximately 250 pages each, well bound, and will occupy an appreciative place in any preacher's library. Price 60c each, post paid.

The Commonwealth of the Redeemed

By T. G. Selby

This book will furnish a very considerable amount of sermon suggestion.

Here and Hereafter

By J. E. Watts Ditchfield, M.A.

"Conviction," "Conversion," "Consecration," "The Call to Serve," "The Churchman's Duty to the City in Which He Lives," is another helpful book.

The Fear of Things

By John A. Hutton, M.A.

"Our Shelter in God," "Weariness in Well-doing," "How We have Need of Patience," "How God Always Provides a Way of Escape." These are three or four themes on which this well-known author proceeds.

Knowledge and Life

By Rudolf Eucken

Eucken's name carries immediate authority wherever heard. This is a well-known volume which has made its place in theological circles. 306 pages cloth.

Luke the Physician

By Adolf Harnack

Harnack's reputation as a historian is comparable with Eucken as a theologian. This, too, is a well-known book, and at the price presents excellent value. 231 pages cloth.

The Churches at the Crossroads

By J. H. Shakespeare

A study in church unity from a British standpoint, is this book, and another which has been well received. 226 pages cloth.

Bishop Ridley on the Lord's Supper

By Nicholas Ridley, Bishop of London

Another book which has made its place in theological circles. Frankly, it bears the publication date of 1895, but it is still considered a standard. 315 pages cloth.

The Light of India

By Harold Begbie

This is a new and revised edition of this author's "Other Sheep" and to anyone who likes him, furnishes a lot of cheap reading. 224 pages, paper covers, 15c.

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